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Vol. CLXVII No. 2178 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC OCTOBER 18 1941

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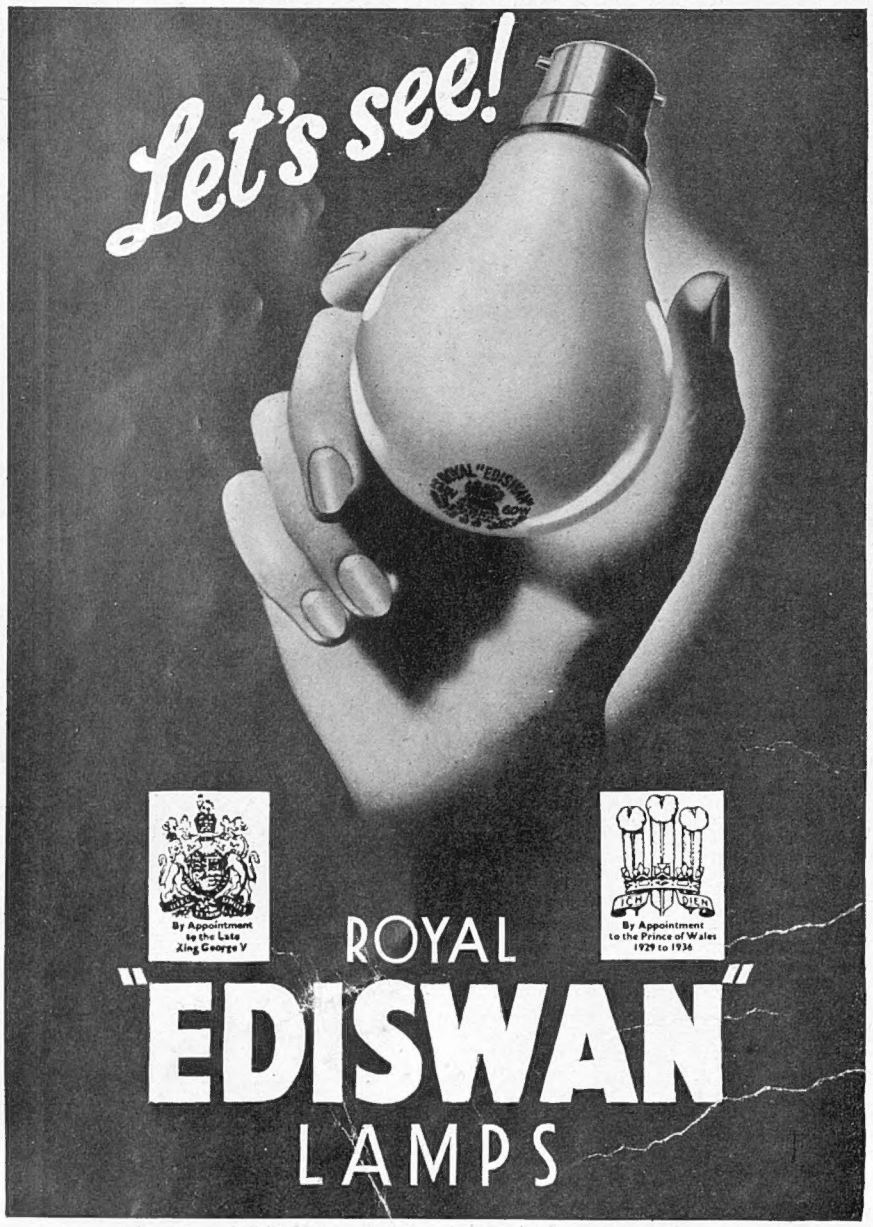

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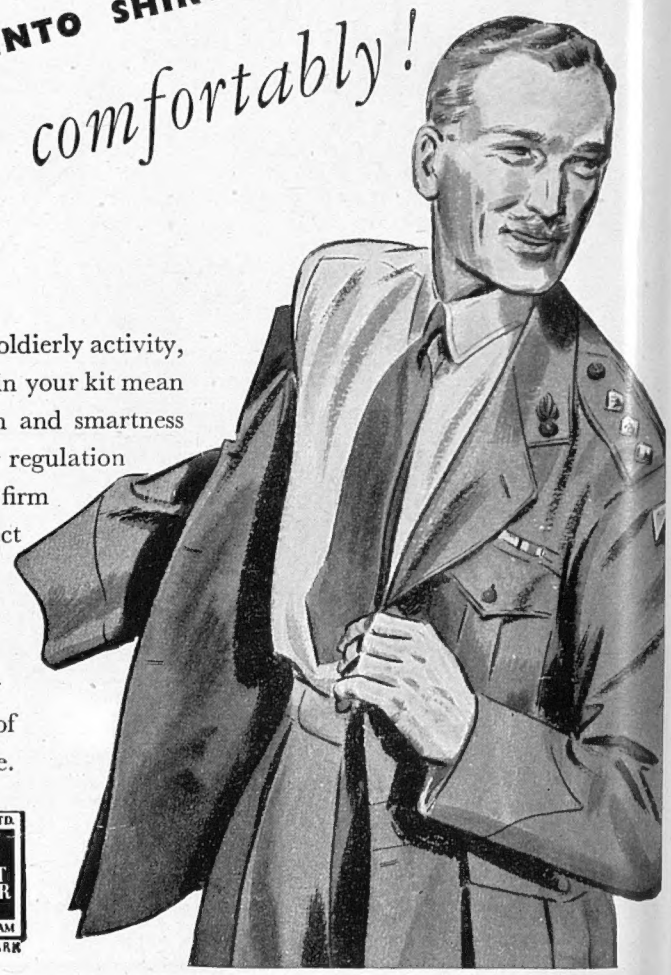

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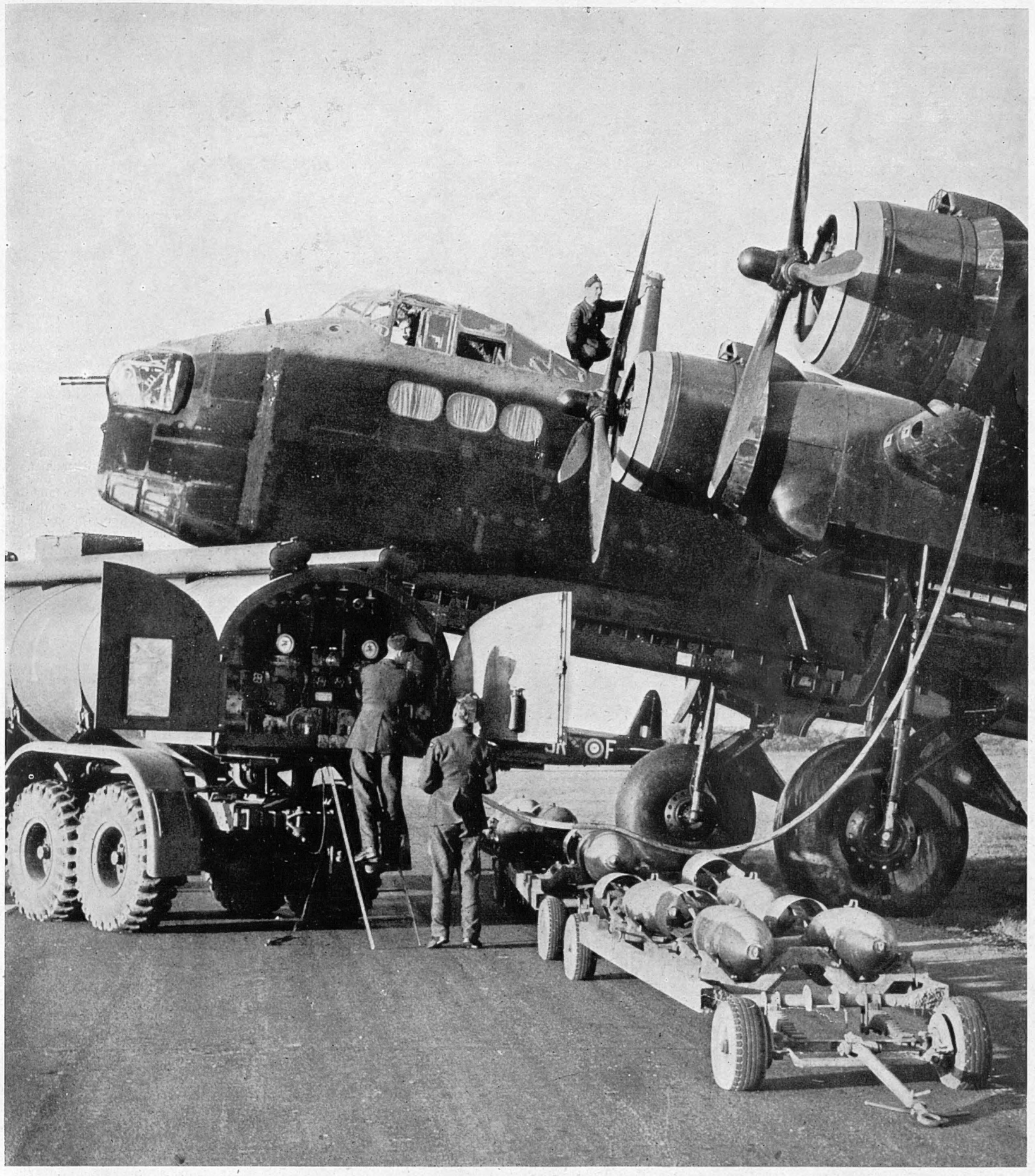
Volume CLXVII No. 2178

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, October 18, 1941



THREE TIMES THE LOAD OF A WELLINGTON AND NINE TIMES THE LOAD OF A BLENHEIM : FUEL AND BOMBS BEING LOADED INTO A STIRLING BOMBER OF THE R.A.F. FOR THE RENEWED OFFENSIVE ON GERMANY

Fortunately for the Germans, the weather recently was so bad as to bring a halt to the R.A.F.'s operations over Germany. But the halt was only temporary : last week-end saw the resumption of full-scale attacks. And in these the new Stirlings of Bomber Command have been participating. The Stirling is one of our new high-performance aircraft : it has great manœuvrability, and it carries nine times the load of a Blenheim and three times the load of a Wellington ! Its hitting power is thus truly formidable. It represents, too, a type of aircraft which the Germans have hitherto ignored in their own manufacturing plans ; in place of the huge and powerful bomb-carrier, they have preferred the dive-bomber and the terror bomber. Long-term bombing has, in fact, only rarely entered into their calculations ! With the longer nights of winter, Stirlings, and others of the same class, will be able to wreak considerable havoc in every part of Germany

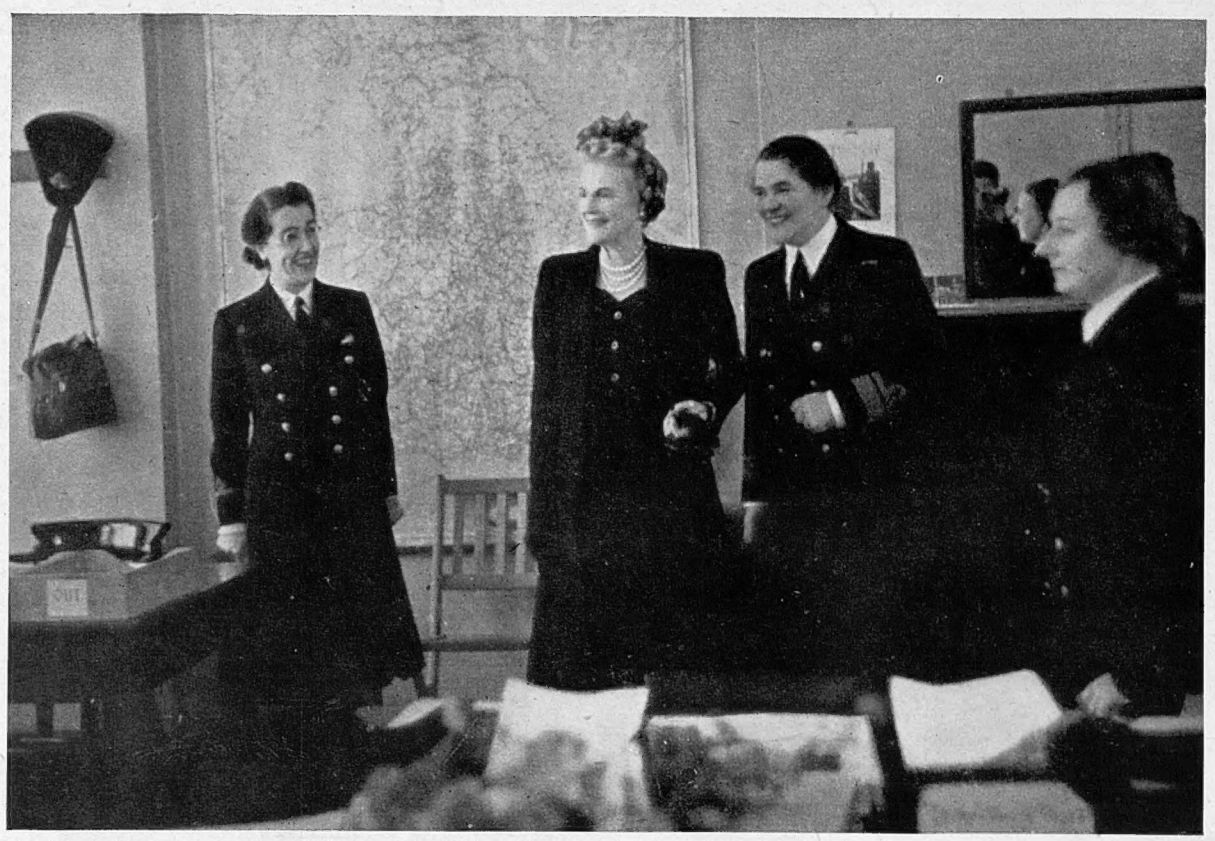
Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 111

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

"Bishops, Too" — and Russia.—A correspondent writes to me on a postcard: "Your remarks about politicians speaking less and thinking more. Could you not apply this admonition to Bishops as well?" I have a great respect for Bishops, greater indeed, than my respect for politicians in bulk. But positively they merit that admonition. Since my correspondent wrote, there occurred a notable instance of a Prelate rushing in where angels fear to tread; and no subject is more fraught with danger than that of our attitude to Russia. Talkative Bishops do more to nail down the charge of national hypocrisy upon Britain than do any actions of her Government or people. Let us speak for a moment about Russia without cant and hypocrisy. Why in the name of common sense (if not sense of humour) must we seek "consistency" and justification for to-day admiring the Soviet regime and Russian people, when yesterday we loathed it and pitied them? Why go further than Mr. Churchill went? War necessity makes strange bedfellows in men's homes and in men's minds. Let us be honest about that fact. We have learned much that was hidden from us about the Soviet regime; we have learned to admire the courage and resolution of the people; we can apply to our own behaviour a dozen useful lessons of their spirit of sacrifice, of their total disregard of self. But we want no Prelate to "find a formula" to justify our *volte face* and to harmonise it with our religious convictions and moral consciousness. For that is sheer hypocrisy and sorry bunkum. Why should I now condone the murder of the Romanoffs, or the rape of Finland? Why should I forget, when M. Maisky appeals to us (as though Russia had been from the first the only sincere protagonist against Hitlerism and Britain a well-intentioned but slightly reluctant auxiliary), that in *our* hour of supreme danger, when France fell, Stalin sat back and laughed in his sleeve and sent oil to Germany? M. Stalin was pursuing a course which he then believed to be in the best interests of Russia. Because I refuse to be a hypocrite and do *not* forget these things, I am not less pro-Russian to-day. I am merely less of a hypocrite than the Right Reverend Prelates, and more of a realist. I don't need to be told to love and admire Russia because she has received absolution from the Bishops and suddenly "found her soul," conveniently within the last twelve weeks. It is enough for me that her brave peoples are going all out on our side, that they "need powder, and by God, they shall have it." Upon my soul, I wonder who laughs loudest at this episcopal O.K.? Stalin, Molotoff, Hitler or Churchill?

Prisoners Still.—Who with sympathy bred of imagination but feels a lump in his throat at the disappointment which Nazi perfidy has brought on a handful of cripples, a few wives and mothers, in Britain and Germany? That the Nazis would dishonour their signature on an international agreement, if and when it suited them, no sane person doubted. That they could be a party to a gentleman's agreement no one ever supposed; that they would break an *ad hoc* agreement an hour after they had made it, if it paid them to do so, is commonplace to Europe. But this exhibition of sheer evil over the exchange of prisoners can only be judged a serious mistake in Nazi methods. The value of the loot was not worth the dishonour. A Nazi, no doubt, will gladly subject to a nice accountancy the most pitiful human object, and bargain with human lives. But these cripples have no military value—the only value Nazis understand. It is just the nasty-mindedness of a criminally sub-normal child. How the few remaining decent Germans outside the Reich must shudder at this nameless atrocity, the last mud-slinging at their poor panache! It may be the negotiations will go on, perhaps to a successful end. If we agree to resume them, it will be because we rate humanity and decency higher than personal pride. We have proved *that* in the earlier stages of the business. But we shall never trust a Nazi's promise, even if a successful exchange be accomplished.



MRS. CHURCHILL AT THE WREN HEADQUARTERS: Conducted by Mrs. V. Laughton Mathews, Director of the W.R.N.S., Mrs. Churchill showed keen appreciation of the work that the Wrens are doing. She showed especial interest in the department which deals with all the numerous applications for enrolment. Mrs. Churchill's daughter, Mrs. Duncan Sandys, served for a year as an officer in the W.R.N.S., but resigned in order to devote more time to her children. Mrs. Laughton Mathews is seen introducing Mrs. Churchill to the various officers in charge

Oxford Group and Exemption.—No one knows better than a journalist that if you want to raise really vitriolic controversy, you must start a religious hare. For introducing sheer, uncompromising bitterness *from the start*, give me a minister of religion or the partisan of a religious sect. I will not enter the lists. The lists are closed, and it happens that Major Cazalet exactly anticipated in his speech in the House the views I should have written on the subject—save in one particular. With greater tact and more restraint (in more quarters than one) the time of the House need not have been wasted, and many regrettable words need not have been uttered. I thought criticism of Mr. Bevin's handling of the affair quite unjustified. He, at least, kept to the point, and was the last of the controversialists to be accused of introducing religious bias. As for the chosen representative of my old University, he is undoubtedly witty and undoubtedly wordy, but if wit justifies wordiness in peace, it may not do so in war. But *there* I admit personal bias. I value Mr. Herbert's wit; I like one or two of his novels and plays; but I should not personally have cast my vote in his favour to represent my Alma Mater in Parliament. I believe the Group movement has done good, and no doubt it has done harm. Religious movements sometimes have a bad effect on weak characters, sometimes no doubt a strengthening effect. I do know that many of my friends who have "gone groupy" have become intolerable bores. Finally, I admire the Groupists (as a body) enough to sympathise with them in being loosely dismissed by unthinking people as a body too busy evangelically to strike a manly blow for Christ against the hordes of Satan in the most righteous, noble, Christian cause for which men ever offered their lives and their all. That is unfair on the Group as a whole, and they can thank some of their own leaders and partisans for this misfortune.

Vitamania.—Some weeks ago (or perhaps months, for time has no meaning) I had a hearty laugh over a B.B.C. discussion on food. An "enquiring layman" faced an official diet expert and put before him the doubts and worries of the average housewife to-day. But the diet professor didn't play the game officially allotted to him. In two minutes he blew the gaff on the whole elaborate and expensive campaign of the past decade to make us vitamin-minded. He knocked the bottom out of the "drink-more-milk" slogan and shattered a score of other articles of our diet-creed, implanted in us by ancient tradition or very expensive propaganda. He ridiculed the idea that milk was an essential of young persons' diet; he exploded oranges, glucose, and half-a-dozen other gospels; and I began to wonder whether he would not be faded out by the B.B.C. Gestapo before he had left us with no belief in any human experience or any official advice. But the human race (at least the British) is irretrievably gullible. We are one of those peoples, all of whom you can fool *all* the time—in matters of diet. We submissively abandoned our belief in milk and glucose and oranges, and so on, and instantly put our shirts on elderberries and rose-hips. We have had our milk ration cut down; ergo, we have ceased to value milk as a foodstuff. It is the same with oranges and glucose and what-not. But there are plenty of elderberries and rose haws (or hips). Ergo, all the world's vitamins are contained in these berries. What a people! We are the easiest and finest people in the world for any Government to lead to victory. Last year it was carrots. Next year, we shall gobble turnips in the sure conviction that their vitamin content is 99 per cent.

A Word for Kenya.—A correspondent in Kenya has asked me to give publicity to a "leader" in the *Sunday Post* of that colony. It speaks for itself, and I think decent men all over the Empire must feel for Kenya after many instances of undesirable publicity given to her by the doings of a "handful of careless, irresponsible people." I am glad to publish the paragraph. Decent people in England have been often frankly puzzled by what has seemed a corrupting influence in the atmosphere of Kenya on the characters of a certain class of settler. Time was when our "remittance men" in Canada and Australia did the same harm to the name of England and to the fame of the great Dominions. I make no doubt at all that it is not the atmosphere of that grand, fine, glorious country, but something inherently rotten in the characters of all the proven black sheep in that handful of irresponsible settlers which has brought such undesirable publicity upon Kenya. Small wonder if Kenya doesn't want this type. Neither do we; but we should find an "approved school" for them in England, not overseas in the Empire and there is at least some hope that henceforward economic stringency will create that hard school in England.

"Undesirables in Kenya.—Some time ago a well-known journalist published a book with the title *Disgrace Abounding*. That is a term which might very well be applied to the publicity which our unfortunate Colony has been receiving during the last three months in connection with the Erroll murder case. Every gibe that has ever been made at Kenya, every scornful and slighting reference has been sharpened and crystallised into one sweeping condemnation by the revelations of the doings of a handful of careless and irresponsible people. The murder story itself has revealed nothing exceptional; its only appeal was to the snob instinct of the world. Apart from its snob value and the fact that the earls and baronets of melodrama were present in the flesh, the sordid details of intrigue and jealousy and the murder mystery were in no way different from the common stock-in-trade of the sensational Press. But the titled people in the story made it attractive to the whole world. The reporters in court represented the Press of England, America and South Africa, and through them every other English-speaking country. Kenya is once more branded as the happy hunting-ground and pleasure resort of what the demagogue loves to call 'the idle rich.' We do not want this type of people. They are no real assets. They bring money into the Colony; some of it is even employed in useful enterprise. But the type of profligates and wasters that have pestered Kenya so long—now happily diminishing in proportion to the honest working settler—should be given the cold shoulder. We are doubtful if these people could ever make desirable settlers, and they would be rendering Kenya a service if they gave us the benefit of the doubt and left the country."

THE OLD STAGER

SIX MONTHS AT TOBRUK

A New Series of Pictures from the Desert Stronghold, so Tenaciously Held by Imperial Forces

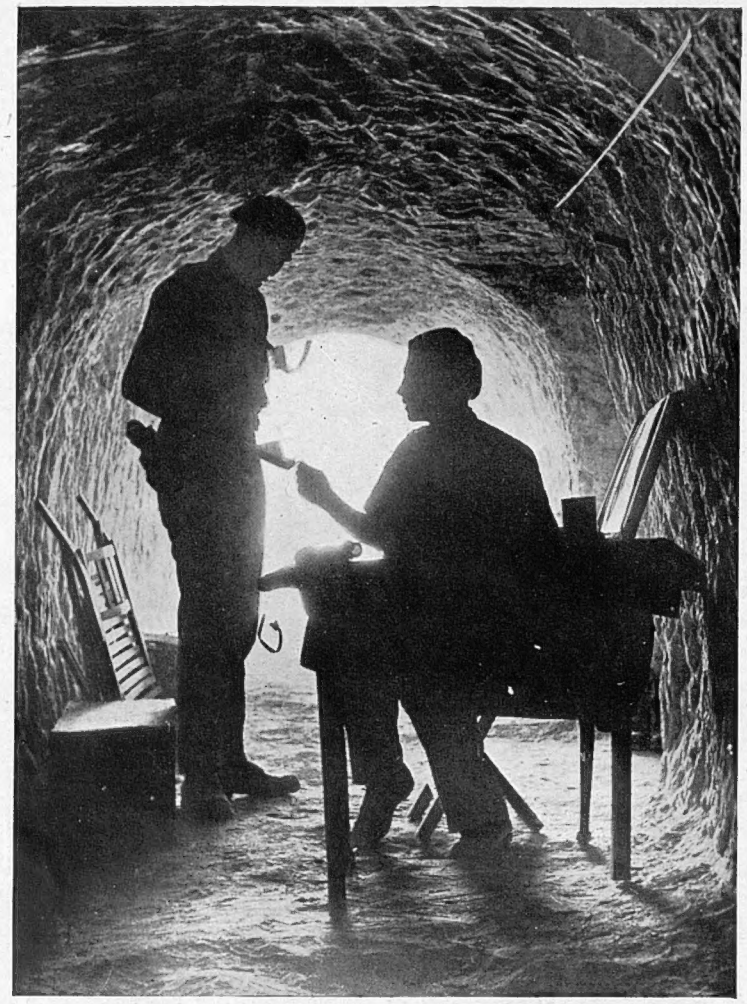
THE MAN WHO IS IN COMMAND OF THE TOBRUK GARRISON : Major-General L. J. Morshead, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O. : A veteran of the last war, General Morshead is in command at Tobruk. During his service with the A.I.F. from 1914-19 he was awarded the C.M.G., D.S.O., and Legion d'Honneur and was mentioned in despatches six times. Before he rejoined for service in the present war, he was Branch Manager of the Orient Line of Royal Mail steamers at Sydney

A DAWN PATROL BY THE INFANTRY : A section synchronising their watches before setting out for a raid into the enemy's lines. The patrols carried out regularly by the garrison have penetrated deep into hostile territory and have filled the Italian and German detachments with fear

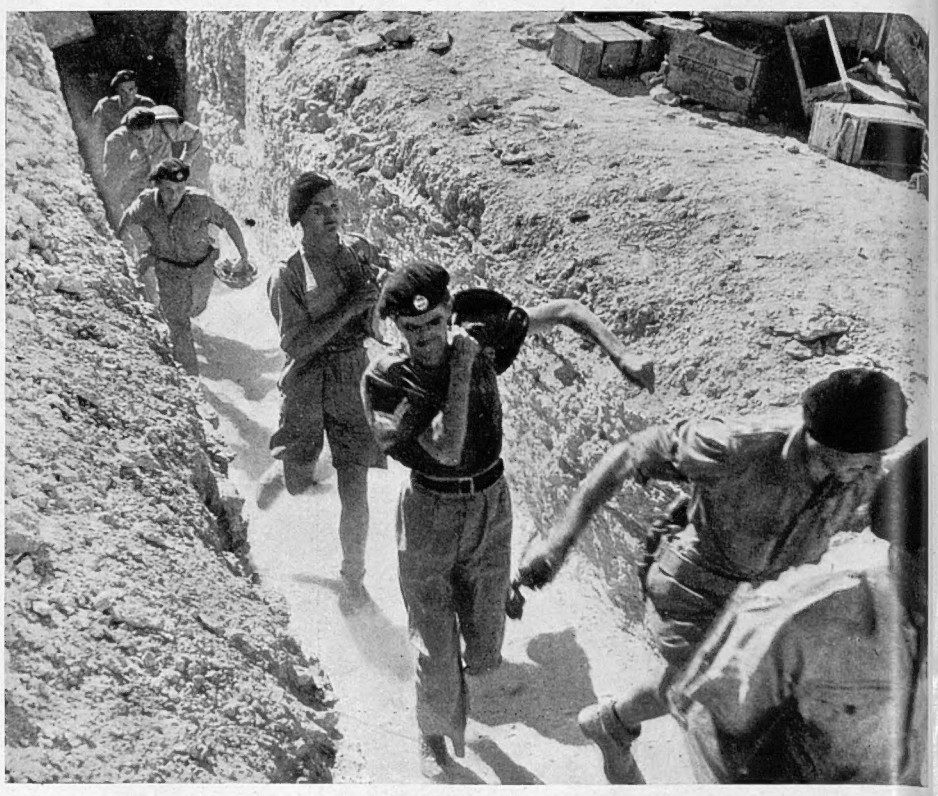
DURING ONE OF THE REGULAR TOBRUK PATROLS A SOLDIER BECOMES A CASUALTY and the officer of the patrol halts to tend the patient

The patrols leave the perimeter defences each day, at dawn and at night. They have been doing fine work, inflicting many casualties on the enemy and harrying him without mercy, as well as bringing back valuable information. The picture above was taken during one of these patrols when a soldier became a casualty. Having found a suitable place for a respite—outside one of the rocky caves with which the desert abounds—the officer of the patrol called a halt, so that he could tend the wounded man. The rest of the patrol took advantage of the halt for a rest and a smoke and a drink

SIX MONTHS AT TOBRUK *(Cont.)*



HOW THE TANK CREWS LIVE IN THE DESERT: The Commanding Officer receives a message in his cave. Here he performs his clerical work and here he sleeps



TANK CREWS RUNNING OUT OF THEIR CAVE TO BOARD THEIR TANKS

The tanks at Tobruk are always on the alert—when they are not in actual combat! Some time ago it was decided to hold a manœuvre patrol, with armoured cars and infantry co-operating. But at the same moment a huge number of enemy aircraft decided to make a heavy bombing attack. Many bombs fell around the armoured cars, and the crews of them found it a great opportunity for having a little practice shooting at the hostile aircraft. During the bombing a derelict Italian lorry, loaded with ammunition, was hit and violent explosions ensued. The picture reproduced below was taken whilst the attack was in progress

AN UNEXPECTED ATTACK BY ENEMY BOMBERS AT TOBRUK: An anti-aircraft Bren gunner is here in action against the bombers, whilst a derelict Italian lorry (in the background) is seen on fire as a result of the attack

A SERGEANT SEATED IN THE OPEN HATCH OF HIS TANK CHECKING UP ON HIS MAP. Most of the officers and men of the Tobruk tanks have participated in the Libyan war since its beginning

GARAGES FOR TANKS IN THE DESERT: After action, the vehicles are driven into pits formed by boulders. A certain measure of protection is achieved by this means. The crews sleep in caves or, sometimes, beneath their tanks

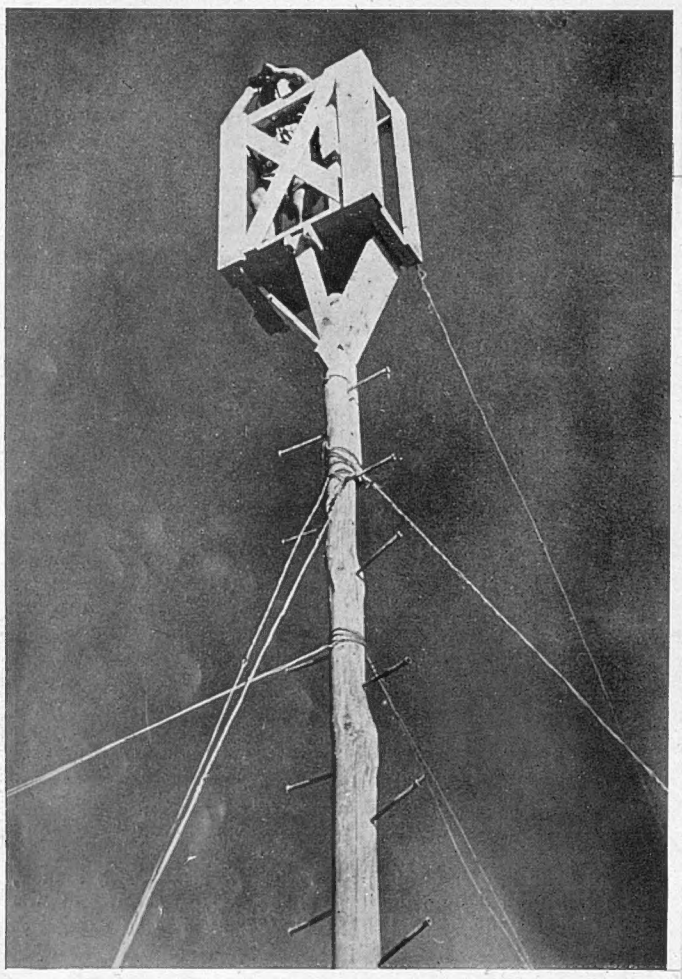
A TANK SQUADRON COMMANDER GIVES HIS ORDERS BY MEANS OF WIRELESS: In addition to the British Matildas and Valentines, there are now numbers of tanks from the United States in the Western Desert

A CRUISER TANK MOVING OVER ROUGH GROUND: Very heavily armed with cannon, these vehicles have proved their worth on numerous occasions. In the picture above the driver's hatch in front is open

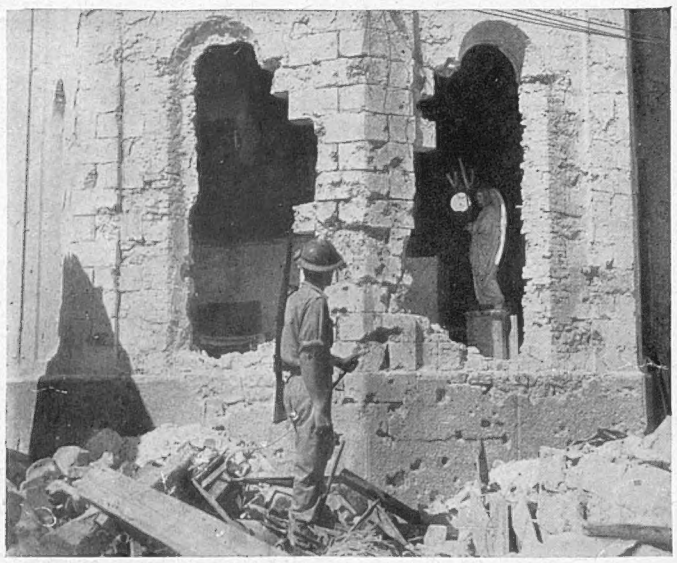
PREPARING FOR A SORTIE INTO ENEMY TERRITORY: A body of tanks moving over the stony wastes of the Western Desert outside Tobruk. Amongst those manning the tanks in the desert are some well-known British cavalry regiments

SIX MONTHS at TOBRUK *(cont.)*

WAR AND DOMESTIC SCIENCE COMBINED : This picture was taken at one of the gun-pits whilst the gun was in action. Note the men's washing on the line in the foreground !



THE POLE-SQUATTER AT TOBRUK : This observation post is manned by an Australian soldier observer. Having reached his look-out post, which allows him a wide sweep of vision across the flat plains, the observer can watch the enemy's movements through his powerful glasses. The observations made from this post are of great value to the Tobruk patrols



THE CHURCH AT TOBRUK : The Catholic church is very badly damaged through bombing from the air and through bombardment, but it is still standing. Services are no longer held there, but soldiers often call in for a few minutes during the day

THE AUSTRALIAN BROADCASTING COMPANY records the voices of the defenders of Tobruk : After their voices had been recorded, the gunners taking part listened to the record being played back to them

A SCOTTISH TRIO SING LUSTILY INTO THE MICROPHONE held by Chester Wilmott of the Australian Broadcasting Company : This company sent its own commentator out to record the voices of the defenders of Tobruk, for subsequent broadcast through Australia. Mr. Wilmott also visited an anti-aircraft position manned by Scottish gunners : the recording of this visit is to be relayed to Scotland

IN THE AUSTRALIAN ARMY CANTEEN AND SERVICES STORES AT TOBRUK : A typical issue is here being checked in. It consists of 5,000 packets of cigarettes, 310 tins of tobacco, 8,000 packets of assorted sweets, writing materials and lime-juice. The last-named is known to the troops as "champagne" !

The KING'S ROUND of INSPECTIONS

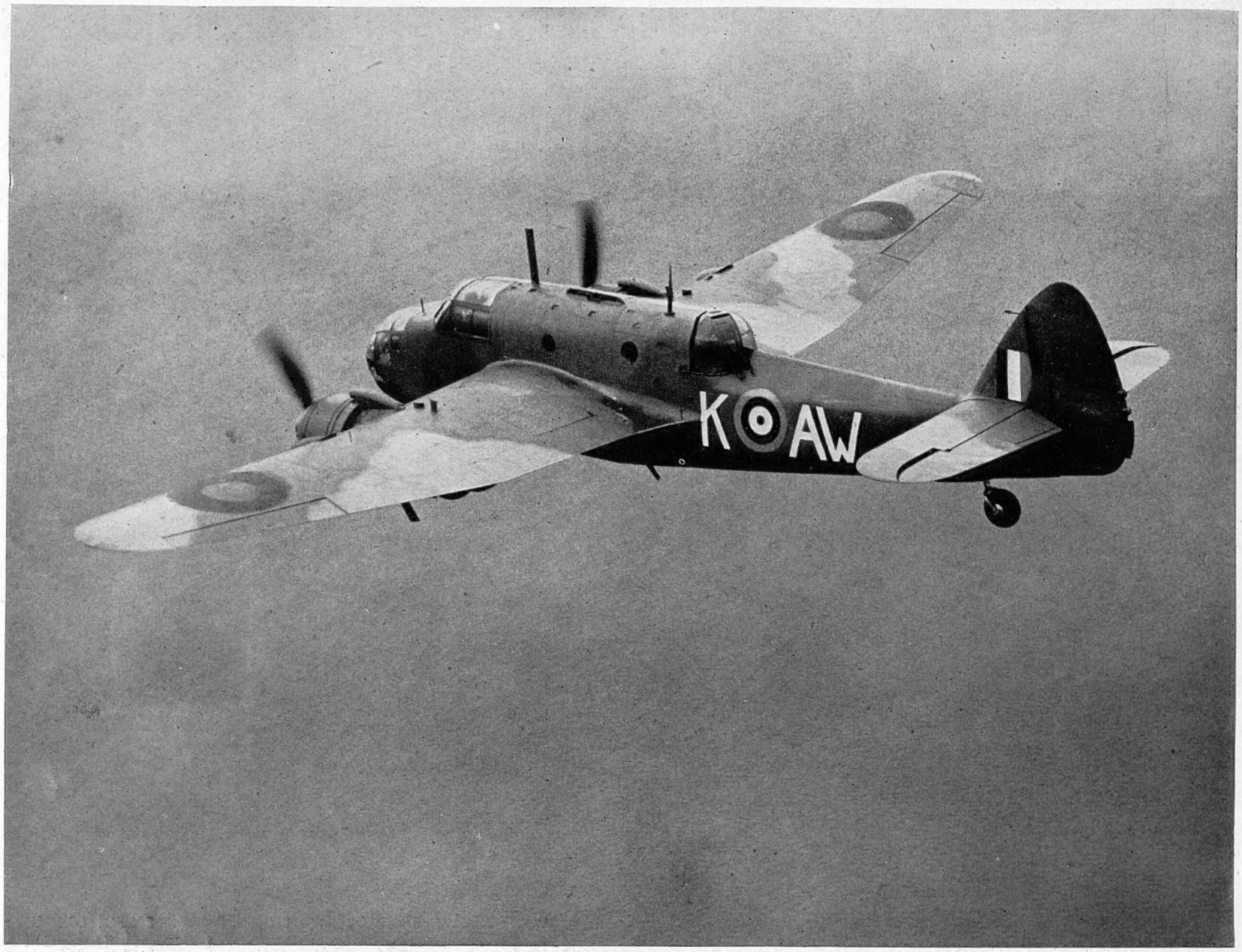
THE KING AT LIVERPOOL, WHERE HE MET MEN OF THE ROYAL NAVY AND MERCHANT NAVY: Leaving a corvette during the course of his tour through the docks

WITH AIR MARSHAL SIR RICHARD PEIRSE, C.-IN-C., BOMBER COMMAND: The King watches one of the R.A.F.'s latest planes being put through its paces

GOING ABOARD ONE OF THE LANDING CRAFT from which troops and equipment are put ashore: An incident during the King's inspection of Exercises in Scotland

During the past few days the King has paid a visit to much-bombed Liverpool and inspected officers and men of the Royal Navy. He went aboard a mine-sweeper and visited the docks, sheds and wharves, where he met and talked with the men who are keeping Britain's life-lines open. During his visit he also drove through some of the most badly damaged parts of the city. The King had previously paid a visit to an R.A.F. Bomber Command station (accompanied by the Queen), where he witnessed an electrifying display of one of our latest planes. The third visit illustrated on this page was that made to a remote Scottish loch, where the King witnessed a demonstration of beach landings, raids and assaults in which our new "invasion barges" were employed

QUEEN MARY VISITS A FACTORY IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND: Despite her absence from London, Queen Mary is taking the most active interest in everything that pertains to Britain's war effort. From her residence in the West, she makes frequent appearances which spur the workers on to even greater efforts. This picture was taken during the course of her most recent visit



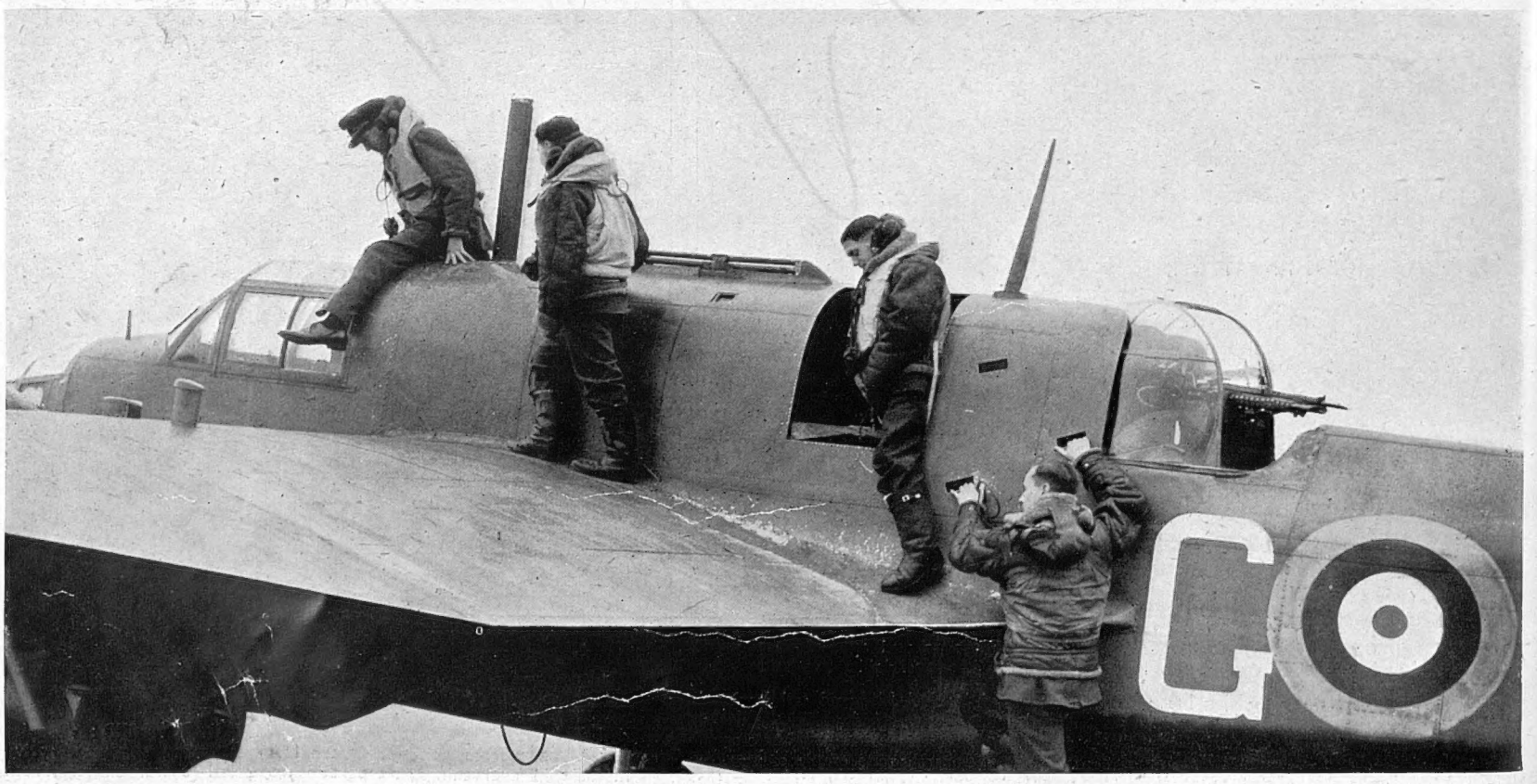
The TORPEDO PLANES

Which are Striking

FAST AND FAR

A BEAUFORT OF THE R.A.F. COASTAL COMMAND OFF TO SEARCH FOR ENEMY SHIPPING : Her torpedo is carried in the fuselage and is released through the bomb doors at the bottom

When the war started, the Royal Air Force held the initiative in the use of torpedo aircraft ; and our enemies could testify to the remarkable manner in which this branch of the Service has since been developed and improved. These air-borne destroyers are hitting hard and often all over the seas from Norway to the African coast, and they have been responsible for a large proportion of the Axis shipping losses, which, in the latest period for which figures are available, are three times greater than our own ! The pictures reproduced here were taken a few days ago during the course of a visit to a Beaufort torpedo-plane station of Coastal Command from which operated the aircraft which hit a German pocket battleship off the Norwegian coast a few months ago



HOW THE CREW OF A BEAUFORT GAIN THEIR RESPECTIVE POSTS : Four men form the crew and each has his allotted place. This picture was taken at the start of a search for enemy shipping

THE BITTER STRUGGLE IN RUSSIA

A Special Section Describing the Far Northern Sector, the Routes by which Aid can be sent to Russia, and a "Secret" Storehouse beyond the Urals

SPANISH VOLUNTEERS "OFF TO THE EAST FRONT": These men are all members of the "Blue Division"—Spaniards who have volunteered for service with the German Army in its campaign against Russia. All these men are supposed to have participated on the Franco side during the Spanish Civil war, and all are supposed to have a hatred of Communism: some of them are reported to have deserted long before they reached Germany—let alone the "East front"! The men all wear German uniforms, with the Spanish colours on their steel helmets

TYPES OF FINNS WHO ARE FIGHTING AGAINST THE RUSSIANS ON THE NORTHERN FRONT: To the north-east and to the north of Leningrad, the Finns are helping to fight Germany's battles. They have now made it clear that they will go on fighting even after they have regained the old frontier line, despite that Britain and the U.S. have warned them of possible consequences of such an attitude. This is what a Finn regiment looks like on its way to the front

UP IN THE FAR NORTH: How our multi-gun Hurricane fighters surprised the Germans in the Murmansk area, over the Litza River—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

"The appearance of the R.A.F.'s multi-gun fighters on the Murmansk front was probably the biggest and most unpleasant surprise the Nazis have suffered for many weeks," declares one reporter writing from Stockholm. "When the German troops advanced to the attack after forcing the passage of the Litza River, they threw in first, in accordance with the usual Nazi tactics, a strong force of Junkers dive-bombers to blast the Russian positions. These were met over the river by our Hurricane patrols and promptly turned tail, escaping under cover of the morning mist. The Germans' attack was held up while Nazi fighters were summoned from Petsamo in Finland and Kirkenes in Northern Norway to deal with this unexpected menace. The two forces clashed in severe weather conditions, on a cold, misty morning. After a series of wheeling dog fights above the desolate wastes of the tundras, now covered with their first fine covering of snow, the Germans made off, leaving our men masters of the air. Deprived of their air support, the Nazis were thrown on the defensive. After a few days' reorganisation the Russians themselves advanced to the attack. The Nazis were driven back across the Litza River for a distance of more than ten miles before they succeeded in re-establishing their front. (*See also map on following page*)

b

BRITISH and U.S. AID for RUSSIA

The Routes by which Vital Supplies Can be Sent to Our Ally

IT is fully realised that transport, both by land and sea, is the greatest difficulty in the task of getting adequate war supplies to Russia, difficulties which are increased by the broad gauge of the Russian railways making it impossible to send rolling-stock straight through on the routes which pass through territory in Allied occupation. But every available alternative is being carefully considered and put to the best use.

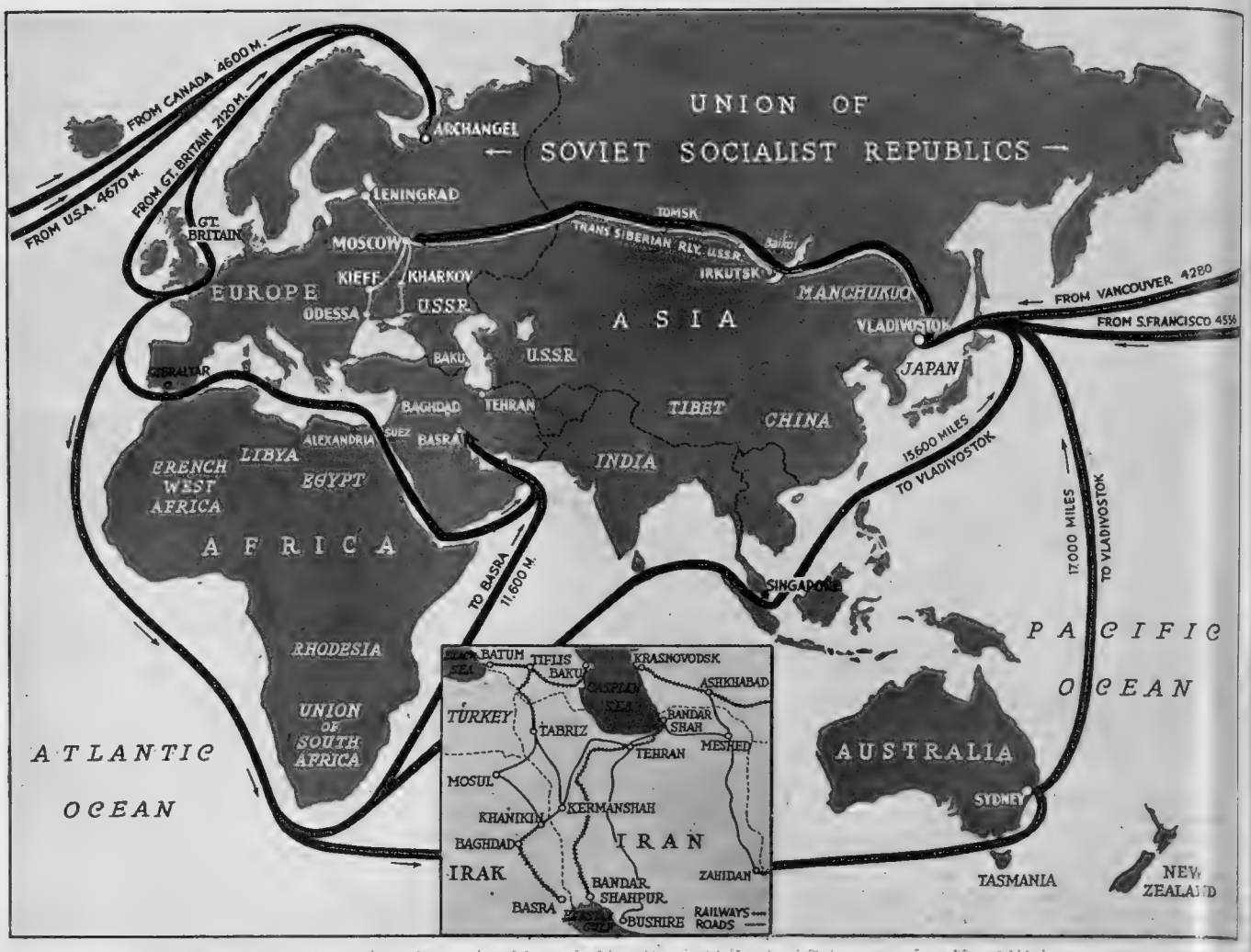
The shortest of these is, of course, to Murmansk, close to the Finnish border and the White Sea, but this route demands strong naval protection from enemy aircraft, submarines and surface craft working from the ragged Norwegian coast and Petsamo. The German move to improve some of the Norwegian ports as submarine bases, before the invasion of Russia was started, was significant.

In the White Sea Archangel is a well-equipped port, with excellent connections into the heart of the country, but blocked for the winter months beyond the power of any icebreaker to assure a passage.

The ice in the White Sea is reckoned to be about the worst in the world. It is composed of colossal masses of broken-up ice floes, originally starting at anything from three feet to well over six feet in thickness, and these are piled up by the strong tides and winds and then frozen into a solid mass by spray. They are constantly on the move, but only by great pressure which affects the whole surface, and during north-easterly or south-westerly gales the conditions at the Gorlo, or Throat, at the entrance to the sea are particularly bad. During periods of strong ebb and flow of the tide even the biggest ice-breakers can do little when conditions are normal or bad; when they are sub-normal they can generally get a certain number of ships through, for the weight of the ice tends to produce narrow lanes of clear water. The ice-breaker has to steam through these lanes and widen them, the merchant ships in her charge following her as closely as possible, for the ice very soon closes the channel and any lagging or loss of station means disaster. Very often both ice-breakers and their convoy are held fast in the ice until a lucky slant of wind or tide, should it happen to be in the right direction, gives them the chance of making a little progress.

Archangel is normally icebound from December to May, but the ice-breakers have generally been able to get an odd ship or two through, which is not good enough for the munitions service.

Since the outbreak of war the Russian Government has received delivery of bigger and finer ice-breakers than it ever had before, and these may make a difference.



THE POINTS OF ENTRY INTO RUSSIA FOR WAR SUPPLIES FROM GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES

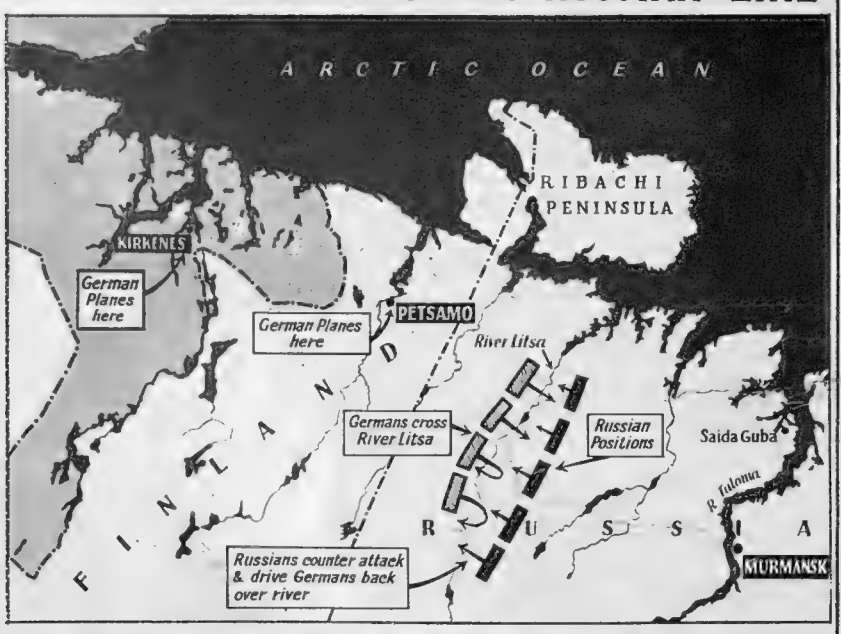
At the present moment there are a number of routes to Russia: we say "at the moment" advisedly, because the rapidly-changing position of the fighting front, and climatic conditions, may both affect the available routes during the next few weeks. From the East, through Vladivostock, supplies can be sent direct from the west coast of the United States and Canada, passing through Japanese waters: thence, by the greatly improved Trans-Siberian Railway, they can reach Russia proper for dispatch to the front. Another route to the same port is via the Cape and Singapore—but this is, of course, the longest way round. Then there is a route through Archangel, which would prove the quickest method of reaching Moscow so long as the railway line through Vologda is not menaced. But the route through Iran is the one which will probably prove the safest and quickest

SUPPLIES OF WAR MATERIALS HAVE BEEN POURING INTO THE MIDDLE EAST: Here are some large convoy vessels at their moorings at Aden. Large quantities of vital supplies have been reaching this harbour during recent months

The alternative is Murmansk, which is just outside the White Sea and has the benefit of the Gulf Stream. It is roughly 1,400 miles from Iceland and the northern British ports and is 30 miles up a narrow estuary between high cliffs. It is regarded as being ice-free all the year round, for such ice as is formed is well within the power of the breakers, and it was that which commended it to the British authorities when we were sending a steady stream of munitions to Russia during the late war. It is entirely artificial; after being neglected for some years the Soviet Government started a great development scheme in 1934, and a recent estimate gave it a population of 125,000. It has good water, up-to-date docks and heavy fortifications, but its rail and canal connections with Leningrad and the heart of Russia are perilously near the Finnish border, and have been the object of some of the heaviest attacks.

The Baltic-White Sea Canal, which is generally referred to as the Stalin Canal, although that is actually only the northern part of it, runs into the White Sea at Soroka, which is joined to Murmansk by railway. Commenced in 1930 as the biggest item in the first Five-Year Plan, it is half-natural and half-artificial. It contains nineteen locks, each 379 ft. long by 50 ft. wide by 15 ft. deep, built of wood with the idea of getting the canal opened as quickly as possible and replacing them by deeper locks of concrete when the opportunity offered. If they have a light enough draught, merchant ships up to 5,000 tons and warships up to the biggest destroyers can pass through the canal, but the route includes Lake Ladoga, where the Finns are now fighting and, being tideless and filled with fresh water, the canalised sections quickly freeze over. The first alternative route is through the Persian Gulf, Iraq and Iran, a

At the FAR NORTH of the RUSSIAN LINE



HOW THE RUSSIANS BEAT BACK THE GERMANS ACROSS THE LITZA RIVER: On the preceding page we publish a drawing by Mr. Whitaker in illustration of the air fighting over the Murmansk sector, where British pilots in Hurricanes surprised the German bombers and forced the enemy to call for fighter reinforcements from Petsamo and Kirkenes. Despite the reinforcements, however, the advancing Germans were first brought to a standstill and then driven back across the Litza River. The above map shows the area covered in Mr. Whitaker's drawing

THE CHALUS HIGHWAY FROM TEHERAN TO THE CASPIAN: This is the great new motor road built by the ex-Shah: it provides a first-class route from the Persian capital to the Caspian, whence steamers could convey supplies direct to Baku. The Chalus Highway leads over a pass of the Elburz Mountains: the distance from Teheran to the Caspian is 120 miles

route whose sea sections leave nothing to be desired. Railways and roads are the bottle-neck, not only being of poor quality, but being liable to become snowbound in the mountain districts. The Persian railways are very ill-equipped with rolling-stock and contain many difficult grades; the roads are generally of poor quality, although it has been reported that arrangements have already been made for their vast improvement. Once through Persia, the Caspian, Sea of Azov and Black Sea are connected with Moscow and the battle lines through the Rivers Don and Volga and canals capable of handling a very large barge traffic.

Munitions for the Persian Gulf route could go either by the long sea voyage round the Cape of Good Hope, or from the distributing centres in India by sea, or by railway to Iran through Baluchistan and thence by a good road across the desert connecting with the railway to the Caspian.

The third great entry port is Vladivostock in Eastern Siberia, a port whose approaches are terribly worried by fogs and which is beset with ice for some months each year, although it can be kept open by ice-breakers. All its practicable approaches pass through narrow straits between Japanese islands, but once in, the ship will find a magnificent natural harbour four miles long by a mile wide, with moles, quays and floating pontoons for a large number of ships. It has been very greatly developed under the Soviets, and the population increased from 100,000 to 1,200,000 in ten years.

It is through Vladivostock that most of the American munitions are going, the U.S. Government having advised masters to choose the Great Circle route from the Pacific Coast. This takes advantage of the narrowing lines of longitude by steering well north through the Unimak Pass into the Behring Sea. The route is comparatively ice-free, but it is very liable to fogs and bad weather. American trans-Pacific shipping has generally avoided it, but the Japanese have been using it for some years, and have probably surveyed it very thoroughly.

From Vladivostock the greater part of the munitions will go over the Trans-Siberian Railway, which is workable for the whole year, although it is liable to delays in the winter months. It was capable of handling nearly 16,000,000 tons of cargo in 1937, the last year of authentic figures, and the present estimate of its capacity is between 15,000 and 20,000 tons per day. Transport by this route is naturally costly, but the line has been doubled for its whole length, and is infinitely better organised than in the old days.

From Vladivostock there is an alternative route to Western Russia, the most romantic commercial route in the world, by the North-East Passage across the top of Siberia. This passage, which cost the lives of so many explorers from the days of the Tudors onwards, has recently been made quite practicable for many months in the year through the scientific explorations of the Soviet Government, which found that the influence of the Gulf Stream produced comparatively clear water many miles to the north of Cape Chelyuskin, the most northerly point on the Siberian coast which always collects masses of ice round it.

F. C. B.

RETURN FROM MOSCOW: Lord Beaverbrook, who, with Mr. Harriman, President Roosevelt's personal envoy, has been participating in the discussions in Moscow regarding the types of war material required by the Russians which Britain and America are arranging to supply. He is now back in London. He is seen (in the centre of the picture) on his arrival with Sir John Anderson (right)

HOW THE "EASTERN SUPPLY GROUP" CAN DESPATCH INDIA'S OUTPUT OF WAR MATERIAL TO THE BAKU REGION AND TO SOUTH RUSSIA GENERALLY

India is now getting down to war production in a big way: the supplies from this vast country are being concentrated mainly at Delhi, whence the railway systems run to four main points—(1) To Peshawar and the Khyber Pass, linking up across Persia with Krasnovodsk and Baku; (2) To Quetta and Mirjawa, and then by road to Meshed and Bandar Shah, again across Persia; (3) and (4) To Bombay and Karachi, then by boat to Bandar Shapur (for rail transport to the Caspian) or to Basra (for road transport through Iraq and Persia to Sugeli). Basra and Bandar Shapur are the two key points in the trans-Persia route to Russia: at these two points vessels can unload supplies—not only from India, but also from Britain and the United States. These supplies can reach the Persian ports by way of the Atlantic round the Cape of Good Hope, or by the more direct Mediterranean passage

THE "SECRET" PROVINCE OF KAZAKSTAN BEYOND THE URALS

THE VAST TERRITORY BEYOND THE CASPIAN WHICH HAS BEEN DEVELOPED INTO A VAST INDUSTRIAL REGION FOR THE SOVIETS : The Republic of Kazakstan which is now a high-powered region "capable of maintaining a large part of the Russian main forces"

THE SOVIET REPUBLIC OF KAZAKSTAN

East of the Caspian Sea, between that region and the Chinese borders, lies the Soviet Republic of Kazakstan. It is an area of nearly 3,000,000 square miles, or 14 per cent. of the entire territory of the Soviet Union. Before the Russian Revolution this region of dense forest and wide steppe was a land of grain and cotton, of cattle and sheep. To-day, it has become a highly industrialised area which is stated to be capable of maintaining a large part of the Russian armed forces.

Like so many modern developments in Russia, Kazakstan has rarely been publicised and has, in fact, remained almost a "secret" province. But from its steppes come copper, lead, nickel, coal and other valuable minerals; from the region to the north-east of the Caspian come millions of tons of oil; from the fertile plains come grain, fruits and cottons.

Emba-Neft, once a fishing village, is now an oil port of great importance; factories are everywhere being constructed. The whole country has, within a generation, been transformed. It is not unlikely that this rich region, which can so strongly fortify the Russian effort, has already attracted the attention of the Nazis and that it is one of their objectives in their south-easterly drive through the Ukraine.

HARVESTING-TIME IN THE REPUBLIC OF KAZAKSTAN : Beginning as a great grain and cattle land, Kazakstan to-day is a highly industrialised region : but its harvests are still very important. This picture was taken at the collective farm of "Luch Vostoka" and shows the threshing of the grain harvest

TWO PICTURES TAKEN SINCE THE GERMAN OCCUPATION OF THE GREAT UKRAINE MINING CENTRE OF KRIVOI ROG

This town is in the Dnieper region and was one of the sources of Russia's ore-supply. It fell into German hands during the operations which culminated in the capture of Dnepropetovsk. Before evacuating Krivoi Rog, the Russian Army did as much damage as possible to the mining installations; but—as was to be expected—the Germans soon got to work to repair this, impressing Russian labour for the purpose. The two pictures we reproduce here show (on the left) German engineers testing the elevators after repair, and (on the right) engineers handling some of the valuable iron ore

THE ENTRY INTO IRAN

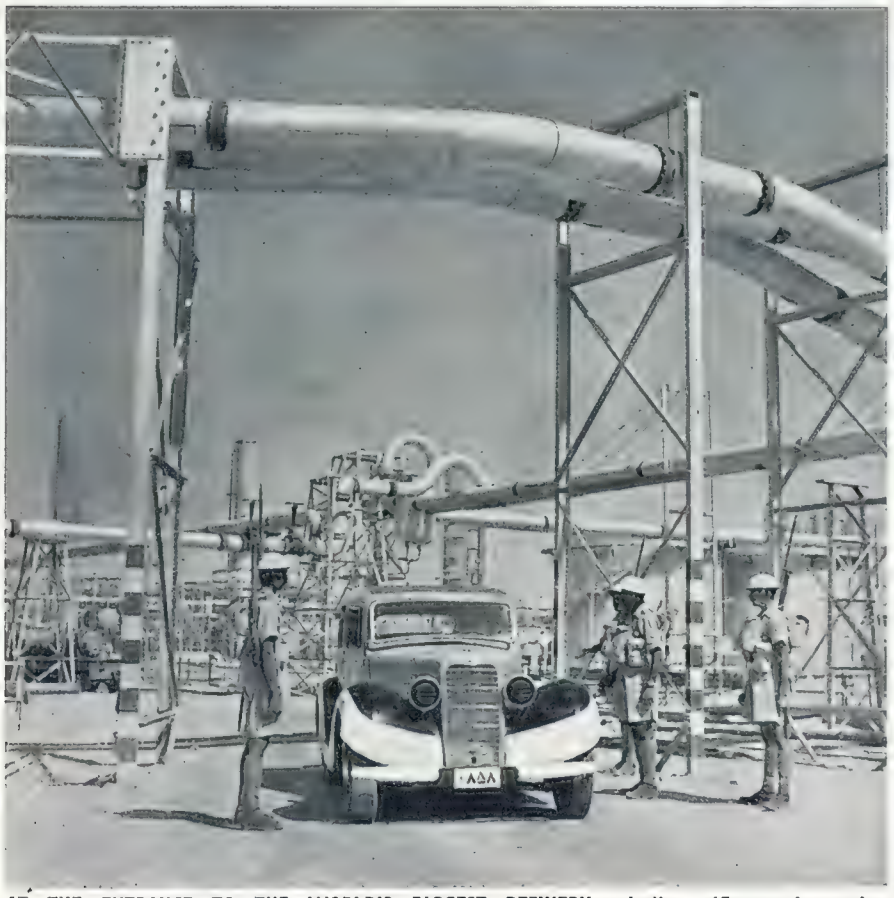
How We Secured Control of the Oil Refinery at Abadan in the Persian Gulf

When it became essential to enter Iran in order to safeguard British and Russian interests in that country, our troops attacked the island of Abadan, on the River Shatt-el-Arab, at the head of the Persian Gulf, as their first objective. On this island is the largest oil refinery in the world and it is the most important objective we have in Persia: it belongs to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and is mostly staffed by British personnel, who were present when the attack was made. Indian troops were landed from assault ships on the quayside and they attacked the strong points in the refinery, held by the defending Iranian troops. These pictures were taken on the day after the attack: they show that the refinery was quite undamaged. More than that—within twenty-four hours it was functioning normally again; and the quay from which the assault was made was being used to load bitumen into a Norwegian cargo ship bound for Britain

THE FLAGSHIP OF THE IRANIAN NAVY, the "Babr," which was sunk at Khorramshahr during the first stages of our campaign in Iran

A SENTRY EXAMINING A NAVAL GUN WHICH RECEIVED A DIRECT HIT: An unexploded shell still remains in the barrel, it will be noted!

THE CAPTAIN AND CREW OF ONE OF THE BRITISH NAVAL SHIPS which took part in the action, alongside the quay after the battle



AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE WORLD'S BIGGEST REFINERY: Indian riflemen inspecting passes and cars at the entrance to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's works at Abadan

GUARDING THE PIPE-LINE ACROSS PERSIA: Indian soldiers are here seen on patrol through the desert. For the most part, the line is quite undamaged

FOUR CAPITALS WHERE OUR SECRETS ESCAPE

These are Cairo, Washington, Dublin and—London. In Each of These Centres the Axis Agents are Many and Alert. The Activities of These Gentry are Here Discussed

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ARE we doing all we can to restrict the jet of information to the enemy General Staffs? A period approaches during which vast plans may be translated into action, investing the question with a new urgency.

In developing a cast-iron case for his not expanding on our intentions or expectations, Mr. Churchill referred to Hitler's seven months' silence, and added: "We are in complete ignorance at this moment about what he is going to do." Once before the Prime Minister had occasion to remind the nation that Hitler was in the exceptional position of having a choice of theatres in which to strike, and no doubt that was again uppermost in Mr. Churchill's mind. Otherwise the lay public would be justified in asking what our Intelligence Services were doing if their joint efforts led to a stone wall on so decisive a matter.

The German totalitarian wall is an extremely difficult obstacle for these Services to penetrate. There was nothing like it in the last war. Our opportunities were more varied then; agents had elbow-room to cross frontiers. But I shall spare the censorship by not persisting. Also I imagine it to be superfluous. The whole dictatorial set-up clearly promotes a clamping-down on leakages both domestically and wherever Hitlerism is established—which is currently all over the Continent. Despite this, we should have much more than an inkling of how things stand with Hitler.

It is the reverse side of the picture that I want to get at. Is the enemy in complete ignorance about what we are going to do?

Ever since this war began, even if no man in history has profited more than Hitler on penetrating his opponents' capacities, weaknesses and likely reactions, information has been handed him on a salver, thanks to a gratuitous self-revelation by victim after victim. Though confronted by an unprecedented Intelligence organisation reposing on Fifth Column, non-belligerence, "tourists" and other ideological novelties, we 've never got down to countering the handicap conferred by the democratic system, which insists on publicly poking and threshing war situations and angles the Axis shuts up about. Not that our rulers are entitled to disengage themselves with an airy "Then it's not our fault." They have relied top heavily upon warning the Services and the public to keep mum when the escape of information, the leakages that go on occurring, point to other agencies and to wider horizons.

The facts appear to show further action as possible in four principal quarters through which Hitler is able to replenish his stock of knowledge of us and of our intentions and inventions.

CAIRO.—Our forces in the Middle East have just been divided into two armies, one based on the Asia Minor coast and the other on the Western Desert. Each army has its own headquarters removed from the hubbub. On reporting at Allenby's Advanced G.H.Q. in 1917, I noted, after France, the secrecy bestowed by a hut-*cum*-tent town out in the sandy waste, and it probably is again like that now. Anyway, it was so a year ago when Wavell's small force preserved such admirable secrecy before Sidi Barrani. But behind both Auchinleck's armies stands Cairo, as dangerous a "leakage box" as can be imagined. Here is G.H.Q., and it has been suggested it should go elsewhere, which is easily said.

However discreet its several hundred officers and two or three thousand others may be, whatever contacts they may studiously avoid, they are shielding their secrets in a whirling bazaar-metropolis which harbours great numbers of uninterned Italians and Zaglulists, consulates (with their "attachés") from a dozen suspect lands, listening Eastern ears without end, subtle thieves, venal Levantines and charming *entraineuses*, and a cosmopolitan pot-pourri by no means all of whom wish our victory.

Are "War Office documents" or their equivalent left about in cars, as elsewhere? Is Shepheard's still the mart of senior "shop" it formerly was? There were other marts less exposed to view where information was traded for money.

There is need for a tightening-up drive in Cairo, now that the war has assumed a geographical encirclement of the Axis, with Tobruk-Tabriz as a vital sequence of "theatre." This new situation will, we hope, enable us to bite on the circumference and the degree of surprise—i.e., success—we achieve should depend a lot on how far we manage to keep our plans and preparations secret *in Cairo*.

Iranians, Iraqians, Arabs, Syrians, Turks and all sorts will want to travel, but all movement beyond Egypt requires to be strictly controlled, so that would-be bearers of information are bottled up with it in Egypt. The Australian Command, which is required to hand out more information than we are accustomed to, will doubtless soft-pedal when military necessity calls.

WASHINGTON.—Lately we have heard of "blue prints" of British intentions in several directions, notably Italy, as emanating from semi-official and authoritative circles in the Federal capital, and they 've not been nonsense, either. The corroborative value of this sort of thing to Hitler could be considerable because he knows how the Executive Mansion has to publicise various aspects in a roundabout way. Senators and Congressmen admitted to persuasive talks, to say nothing of those Press conferences, when deductions can be formed from Presidential shadings and be passed on to Isolationists on Capitol Hill. I can see it well through having been received by Harding, though he only talked about wanting to go to Paris.

There is a strange idea here that we must keep Americans "fully informed of the use to which the arms they supply us are to be put." Only the very tiniest number of American war leaders ought to be admitted to such secrets.

"I believe," says Lord Halifax, "that a British force will be landed on the Continent somewhere—when the time is ripe. But I cannot even suggest where, or when." Indeed not. Washington has enough expert listeners for the Axis without our envoy having to simplify matters, and if there are really as many as 3,000 British on war jobs in the U.S. capital, how careful they, too, should be! One needs only to instance the Vichy representatives, so well placed, with their tentacles working.

One understands the President is doing his best to put over some form of censorship in the most violently anti-censorship of countries. In an America half in and half out of the war it may be beyond him. The trouble is that some want to give information to the Axis (Senator Wheeler—Iceland), and others don't know when, or the extent to which, they do give it.

DUBLIN.—Sixty miles from Holyhead, between us and the Battle of the Atlantic, representatives of our enemies, Germans, Italians, Vichy Frenchmen and several minor fry, enjoy diplomatic privilege. They circulate in the best obtaining ambience of a neutral English-speaking capital whose only censorship is Mr. de Valera's own, contrived for domestic political purposes. Any information they get they can transmit in code or cipher. The long-distance telephone may intermittently be used, and wireless. As regards the most vital half of the job, "*Communications*," these Axis listeners and agents are sitting pretty, and there are said to be eighty Germans and pro-Nazis operating under the German Minister, though fewer than a dozen officially or admittedly so.

Unless and until the Pope gives De Valera a new line on things, the foregoing condition will not be modified, so we may as well pass to the second half of the business: preventing the collection of information by these agents as a result of their contacting or receiving communications from people located outside Eire. Up to this stage we have relied on greatly restricting passenger traffic to and from Eire and Ulster, on closely controlling all travellers, and on censorship of the mails, telephone and telegrams. When there were disquieting reports some time back, Mr. Morrison crossed to Northern Ireland, and a suspect named Dillon was brought to Brixton. Now there 's renewed anxiety about the nest of espionage right in our side that Dublin indubitably is.

It is pointed out that up to 20,000 cross the Border between Southern and Northern Ireland each twenty-four hours and that permit-showing is a joke. Nor is there postal or other censorship between the two zones. Clearly Ulster is chock-full of military secrets of its own, apart from the danger of its being used as a bridge for the conveyance of information from Britain to Dublin.

Is the only true remedy one of declaring the Six Counties a prohibited area in so far as people in the south are concerned? And of instituting a rigid postal censorship between north and south? If the Dublin crow's-nest on behalf of Britain's enemies could be checkmated, that would be worth several regiments of conscripts.

AT A PARTY IN CAIRO—General Sir Claude Auchinleck, C.-in-C. Middle East (on left), with Lieut.-General Sir T. Blamey, in command of the Australian Forces: A picture taken at a reception at the Yugoslav Officers' Club in the Egyptian capital in honour of the eighteenth birthday and coming-of-age of King Peter of Yugoslavia. The reception followed a special service at the Greek Orthodox Church

LONDON.—On a recent tour of the country I found it difficult to get information of value out of the locals! They may talk among themselves, but they don't talk to strangers.

If a cautious suspicion has been widely inculcated in the public (are the Services equally discreet?) the red light appeared in two quarters on my return to London. You remember Repington's tales of gay parties at which impending battles in France were discussed? Repington was my guest at an Anglo-American affair in Paris in 1923, and he said it was all true. Is something in the same line occurring again?

Can one be dead certain of every single member of the Allied contingents? They frequent certain bars. So do Fascist sympathisers, including British. So do prominent non-British visitors—a company of U.S. Congressmen is now spoken of. And so do agents of the Axis, drawn from some of the fifty-odd Embassies, Legations and Consulates accredited in London, hub of the war.

The second red light concerns strategic thinking in the Press. As a journalist, Mr. Churchill is on to this. He says: "Questions of future strategy are discussed every day in the newspapers in an exceedingly vivid and often well-informed manner. . . We have the advantage of following very closely all the arguments in the public Press and of considering every helpful suggestion." So has Hitler that advantage. We 're told that the quick arrival of the London papers in Dublin is one of the *raisons d'être* of the Axis crow's-nest there.

I should be paying poor tribute to the abilities of half-a-dozen expert writers if I passed them by as incapable of provoking thought or ideas in the mind of an opponent. Serious war writers ought to be versed in the security side of Intelligence work. Meanwhile, those we have are not transgressing. The law being that we censor *fact* which wouldn't hurt a flea and allow rein to *opinion*, however revealing. Oh, Democracy!

The British Army in Action

Pictures Taken During the Biggest Manœuvres Ever Held in Britain

The greatest and most comprehensive manœuvres ever held in this country—during peace- or wartime—have just been concluded by the Army. Thousands of men and vehicles, comprising whole armies, took part in the mock battles which raged over an area covering the whole of the Midlands and which affected the Northern, Eastern and Southern Commands. For the purpose of the manœuvres it was assumed that the Germans had forced a landing in East Anglia and were attacking in the direction of London. The enemy forces were denoted by their steel helmets, and their tanks and vehicles bore a white cross; the defenders wore forage caps. Throughout the series of pictures reproduced on these pages, the contending forces can be identified thus. The gruelling tests through which the men taking part have passed called for the utmost endurance, and they have needed all the reserves of strength which their training has built up. Day and night, without cessation, the troops on both sides have experienced war conditions in very realistic form. The manœuvres were designed to test our invasion defences; they have provided the High Command with valuable information which will be of the greatest use

THE MEN WHO ASSESS SUCCESS OR FAILURE: A PARTY OF UMPIRES DISCUSSING TROOP MOVEMENTS IN AN AREA NEAR BLETCHLEY. During manœuvres, umpires are placed in various positions for observing contact between the contending forces; from their reports the units engaged are advised of their progress. The white arm-band is the mark of the umpire

ONE OF THE ATTACKERS DISCUSSING FURTHER OPERATIONS: The Brigadier on the right has just arrived with his forward "enemy" unit after having broken through the "Home Defence" lines. He is here seen discussing with one of his officers the possibility of bringing artillery batteries into action. The Major, it will be noted, is wearing his gas-mask at the "ready"; the Brigadier has left his behind!

THE RUSSIANS WATCH THE MANŒUVRES: Brigadier Firebrace (on right) is here seen describing the operations to the members of the Russian Military Mission now in this country. Other interested spectators during the progress of the Exercise were the King of Greece and Captain Margesson

THE BRITISH ARM

AN "ENEMY" TANK (identified as such by its white cross) RUSHES A VILLAGE BARRICADE: Note the massive tracks, which have ploughed up the roadway, and the big petrol tank at the rear

THE ARTILLERY IN ACTION: Camouflaged guns o the H.A.C.—part of the invading force—ope up against the home defenders

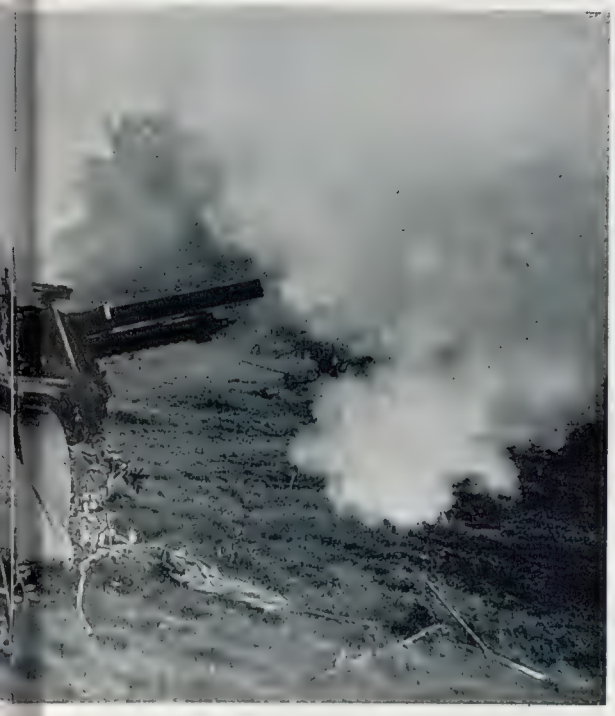
A BRIDGE WHICH NO LONGER EXISTS! The Canadian Highlanders, amongst the defending forces, have "demolished" this bridge: the advancing "enemy" must therefore find an alternative crossing

THE INVADERS ADVANCE UNDER COVER OF A SMOKE-SCREEN The driving hatch is raised, and the driver may b seen on the left of the gun-barrel

BREN GUN-CARRIERS OF THE INVADING FORCES AT A CROSS-ROADS: The "enemy" have formed a concentration at this point and are evidently expecting the arrival of a body of the defending forces. Bren guns are trained on the country lane ahead to mow down the defenders as soon as they appear

A MAJOR OPERATION UNDER ACTIVE SERVICE CONDITIONS a complicated procedure. In the field it can hold to be done away from the workshop and with

IN ACTION—*(continued)*



CAPTURED "ENEMY" TROOPS BEING MARCHED IN: Five prisoners (in steel helmets) being escorted by five soldiers. The prisoners have already been disarmed

A BRITISH 25-POUNDER, WELL CAMOUFLAGED, OPERATED BY THE DEFENDERS: The 25-pounder is the Army's most versatile weapon. It is here in action against a formation of the "enemy" in and near the wood seen on the right

DEFENDING TROOPS PASSING THROUGH THE ATTACKING TANKS: These men, not wearing caps, and with arms reversed, have been put out of action—they are either "dead" or prisoners

hanging the wheel of a tank is always progress considerably, as the work has tools carried on the tank alone

"ENEMY" TROOPS MAN A HEDGE, WHILST ENGLISH TROOPS (TAKEN PRISONER) ARE MARCHED BACK: At the conclusion of the manœuvres it was decided that the invaders had made progress towards London, but had ultimately been driven back. Tanks on both sides played a very large part in the operations; and there were considerable casualties on both sides

The BRITISH ARMY in ACTION *(Cont.)*

A COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR OF THE INVADING ARMY ACTS AS A SPY: In order to determine the position of the home forces, the C.S.M. dons civilian garb and sets off to spy out the land. In real warfare, were he caught, he would, of course, be shot

SETTING OFF ON HIS DANGEROUS MISSION: Leaving his lorry hidden in a country lane, the "Fifth Columnist" begins his task of spying

PARADING THE SHOPPING CENTRE OF A MIDLANDS TOWN: The infantry wireless team keeps in constant touch with Headquarters. Three men usually make up these Signals units

A PORTABLE FIELD WIRELESS: Carried on the back of one of the invaders, Headquarters is kept informed of the latest developments in the forward areas by means of these small transmitting sets

AFTER A NIGHT UNDER THE STARS: The Canadian troops seen here had spent the night defending their position. Now they are preparing a welcome hot breakfast

A TANK AND TRANSPORT MIX-UP: One of the advancing tanks of the invading army has been ditched by the roadside, whilst others pass through towards the fighting area

WHAT THE NAVY LAUGHS AT . . .

Some Examples of the Light-Hearted Humour which Goes the Rounds of Naval Stations at Home and Abroad

By CHARLES GRAVES

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HAS it ever occurred to you that there are only two subjects which are absolutely sacrosanct on the professional music-hall stage? Well, they are the Roman Catholic Church and the Royal Navy; which goes to prove that the British public treat the Royal Navy as a religion. Look at the various comedians who earn a livelihood out of dressing up as Church of England parsons. You have never seen a comedian dressed up as a Roman Catholic priest; yet "Father O'Flynn" is immortal. Again, think of all the jokes about sergeant-majors, who in wartime have ousted mothers-in-law as the Number One butt of the low comedian. You have never seen any jokes about petty officers.

But let us look at the reverse side of the medal. What does the Navy laugh at? And what is typical Naval humour? The answer is that officers and ratings laugh easily at death, but they never laugh at indiscipline. Their favourite humorist is A. P. Herbert—a petty officer himself. I forget how many times during the two months which I have recently spent, off and on, with the Royal Navy that verses attributed to A.P.H. have been shown me.

Parody, too, is very popular in the Royal Navy. So are quotations from the Bible to suit modern life, and particularly wartime conditions. There are Naval officers who have made a positive study of Proverbs and the Acts of the Apostles (both very fruitful hunting-grounds) for witty signals to be sent during convoys and after Naval operations. Perhaps that is what I am trying to get at—that the Navy has a tremendous regard and gift for pure wit. Slapstick does not amuse them anything like as much as a witty phrase.

It is said that the oldest joke in the Navy, older than Jonah and the Whale, is the Glossary of Staff Phraseology. There are many versions of it, some even more amusing than others. Here is the Harwich version:—

Glossary of Staff Phraseology (G.O.S.P.)

With reference to	Whether it has or not, this letter must start somehow.
Referred for your remarks / Request your remarks	An unscrupulous method of making a junior officer do all the work, so that his senior need only write "forwarded" and sign his name.
Herewith are forwarded	—or not, as the case may be, but your office will be to blame if the enclosures are lost.
Submitted for information	This means nothing to me, but it may to you.
Considering the wider aspects of the case	I have very narrow views on the subject myself.
I approach the subject with an open mind	Completely ignorant of the whole matter.
A growing body of opinion / Census of opinion	Two very senior staff officers agree.
Opinion is widely held	Three very senior staff officers agree.
Under consideration	Not under consideration.
Concur generally	Haven't read the paper and don't want to be bound by anything I say.
Snowed under	Only able to take 1½ hours for lunch.
This will be borne in mind	No further action will be taken till you remind me.
Being dealt with separately	Perhaps, but with any luck will be forgotten.
You will remember	You have forgotten, if you ever knew.
All orders issued by my predecessor are to remain in force	I haven't read them yet, but shall take the first opportunity of altering them.
In due course	Never.
As you know	As you don't know.
You will appreciate	You are far too dense to understand this.
As your Lordships are well aware	My God, we've forgotten to inform the Admiralty!

Not quite so well known, and slightly more technical, is:

The Story of a Hundred-Gallon Barrel

From Patrol Officer River D. To Senior Officer Auxiliary Patrols

It is reported that a magnetic mine has been dropped in the D. River estuary. Request instructions. 1,000/20/10/40

From Senior Officer Auxiliary Patrols. To The Resident Naval Officer. F.

P.O.R.D. reports a magnetic mine in estuary. Shall I deal with this matter or will you? 1,100/20/10/40

From R.N.O.F. To S.O. A/P.

Your 1,100/20/10/40. Request you will take necessary action. 1,200/20/10/40

From S.O. A/P. To P.O.R.D.

Your 1,000/20/10/40. All traffic on river to cease forthwith. A/P launches to maintain continuous patrol to ensure this. Inform local police immediately. Searching inquiries to verify this report to be commenced instantly. 1,300/20/10/40

From P.O.R.D. To S.O. A/P.

Exhaustive inquiries show alleged magnetic mine to be some form of Net Buoy, cylindrical in shape, about 6 ft. long and 2 ft. in diameter. Object is apparently harmless, so am withdrawing patrol and resuming traffic. Police informed. 1,630/22/10/40

From S.O. A/P. To R.N.O., F.

P.O.R.D.'S 1,630/22/10/40 is passed to you for information and such action as you may consider necessary. 1,800/22/10/40

From Resident Naval Officer, F. To Boom Defence Officer, H.

Have you any Boom Defences on River D., please? 0,900/23/10/40

From B.D.O., H. To R.N.O., F.

The answer is in the negative. 0,945 23 10 40

From R.N.O., F. To B.D.O., H.

Your 0945/23/10/40. A net buoy, apparently of boom defence type, has been found in River D. Will you please investigate? 1,130/23/10/40

From B.D.O., H. To R.N.O., F.

Your 1,130/23/10/40. At considerable inconvenience to this Depot on account of shortage of Staff, and at some expense to the Crown for hire of taxi, an Officer has been sent to inspect the so-called Net Buoy. It appears to be an ordinary 100-gallon barrel. 1,600/24/10/40

From R.N.O., F. To B.D.O., H.

Your 1,600/24/10/40. Request I may be informed if this barrel belongs to you? 1,800/24/10/40

From B.D.O., H. To R.N.O., F.

Your 1,030/25/10/40. It would not appear that this Depot is responsible for the lamentable ignorance of other persons and their astonishing inability to distinguish the difference between a 100-gallon barrel and a magnetic mine. 0,800/26/10/40

From R.N.O., F. To B.D.O., H.

Grave exception is taken to the tone of your 0,800/26/10/40, nor is it considered an appropriate answer to my 1,030/25/10/40. A further reply is requested. 1,030/26/10/40

From B.D.O., H. To R.N.O., F.

It is regretted that your 1,030/26/10/40 is not understood, observing that the facts appear to be as stated in my 0,800/26/10/40. 1,400/26/10/40

From R.N.O., F. To B.D.O., H.

Request an immediate and proper reply to my 1,030/25/10/40. 0,815/27/10/40

From B.D.O., H. To R.N.O., F.

Your 0,815/27/10/40. When used by this Depot these 100-gallon barrels are moored strictly in accordance with instructions issued by the Director of Boom Defences, Admiralty. D.B.D., and his Staff comprise some of the keenest brains in the Naval Service, but like King Canute, they cannot control the elements. The breaking adrift of this barrel must therefore be looked upon as an "Act of God." 1,115/27/10/40

From R.N.O., F. To B.D.O., H.

Your 1,115/27/10/40 is considered to show a spirit of unseemly levity. Request concrete proposals for achieving this end may be forwarded forthwith. 1,430/27/10/40

From B.D.O., H. To R.N.O., F.

Your 1,430/27/10/40. Regret concrete not considered suitable. Suggest unscrewing plug instead. 0,859/28/10/40

From R.N.O., F. To B.D.O., H.

Your 0,859/28/10/40. You do not appear to appreciate the importance of this matter, and in view of your obvious unwillingness to co-operate, I am submitting copies of all these signals to F.O., i/c H., for such action as he may consider necessary. 1,035/28/10/40

From B.D.O., H. To R.N.O., F.

Your 1,035/28/10/40. Same to you with knobs on. Co-operation with some people is impossible. In self-protection I am submitting copies of all these signals to D.B.D., Admiralty. 1,111/28/10/40

From R.N.O., F. To B.D.O., H.

The sun is over the yardarm. 1,200/28/10/40

From B.D.O., H. To R.N.O., F.

Your 1,200/28/10/40 is not understood. I cannot see the sun, I know you have no yardarm, and in any case I have no money. 1,230/28/10/40

The story loses nothing by the fact that the Resident Naval Officer of F. combines this duty with that of being Boom Defence Officer at H.

Reports of Proceedings occasionally produce a gem of humour like the following:—

"SIR,

I HAVE the honour to submit
PROCEEDINGS which may seem a bit
Amiss—but then please look at it
From this a diff'rent angle.
This is the thread, and not the beads
So camouflaged with glowing deeds
Some poor old teased-out Staffy weeds
And groans "promotion wangle."

We weighed—perhaps a little late:
My first lieutenant had a date
The fog came down, we hit the gate,
But in the end we made it.
Our convoy waited for an age,
Gave up, and waddled on a stage;
The Commodore was black with rage,
And, when we met, betrayed it!

The wind was six, the moon had rings;
Three ships got lost, the clumsy things.
The sea was simply stiff with "pings."
We heard some guns to le'ward.
By Tuesday night the meat was bad;
On Wed., and Thurs., and Fri. I had
Les poissons à la depth-charge (add
Bien messed-up par mon steward).

Then, having read eight "crime books" thrice,
I scorned the Commodore's advice,
And altered course to starboard twice:
He questioned my behaviour.
More fog—then rose from ocean bed
A mountain fifteen yards ahead;
My sub-lieutenant blinked and said—
"So *this* is Scandinavia!"

I led round knobs I cannot spell,
I do not say I did it well,
But they arrived, so what the hell?
What can a chap do more?
The journey back was worse by far;
But here's our mail, and here we are.
I HAVE de dah, de dah, de dah—
That's that. I'm off ashore!"

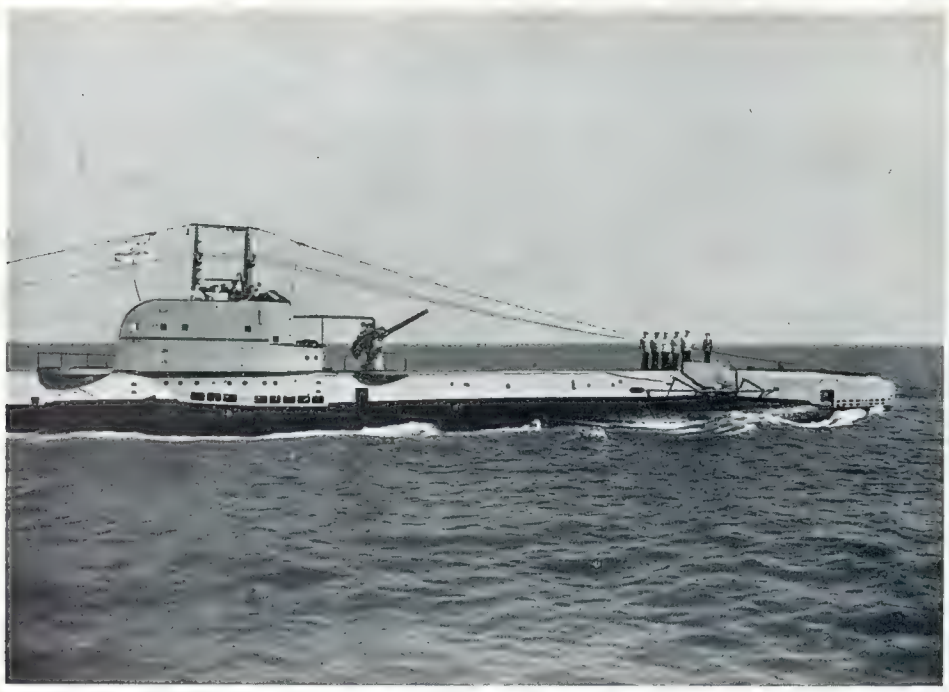
ON BOARD THE TRAINING CENTRE, H.M.S. "CHRYSANTHEMUM": This is the Centre where naval ratings and Merchant Navy officers and men learn the use of D.E.M.S. appliances (or "Defensively Equipped Merchant Ships"). In addition to the classes on board, there are ranges where practical instruction in gunnery is carried out; there is also a mobile unit which visits ships in the docks area to give instruction when it is impossible for a ship's personnel to visit the training centre. The picture we give above shows the staff of H.M.S. *Chrysanthemum* saluting the Colours—a ceremony observed regularly each day

A BRITISH SUBMARINE PUTS OUT TO SEA

THE CREW OF THE SUBMARINE BOARD THE "SEA WOLF": After a rest ashore whilst the vessel was being refitted, the men prepare for another hazardous cruise

In the House of Commons recently, the Prime Minister partially lifted the veil which hides the magnificent work of the Submarine Service of the Royal Navy; and in stirring words he paid tribute to those heroes who have contributed so much to the efforts of the combined Services which have now sunk (during recent months) three times as much enemy shipping as the Axis has of ours. The pictures reproduced here were taken when H.M. Submarine *Sea Wolf* left a British port to roam the seas again after refitting. It is not often that the Admiralty allow the release of such a series!

THE COMMANDER GOES ABOARD, his sea-boots being the mark of his calling as a submarine man



THE SUBMARINE LEAVES PORT FOR A FURTHER SPELL OF DUTY, the members of the crew lining up on the forecastle and bridge as she heads out to sea

AS A CONVOY COMES IN, the submarine heads out for the open sea again to begin another cruise

OVERHAULED AND BRIGHT WITH NEW PAINT, and with her crew refreshed after their stay ashore, H.M. Submarine "Sea Wolf" gallantly sets out again

Sea Wolf is one of a famous class which, alas! has suffered casualties since the outbreak of hostilities. All the vessels of this class have distinguished themselves greatly—*Snapper*, *Sealion*, *Sunfish*, *Sea Wolf*, and *Sturgeon*—as did their sister submarines which, unfortunately, are no longer with us. The *Sealion* submarines are of a displacement of 670-960 tons, and carry a complement of forty: they have a speed of nearly 14 knots (*Sunfish* has a speed of 15 knots) on the surface and 10 knots submerged. They are armed with one 3-in. gun and one machine-gun, in addition to six 21-in. torpedo-tubes: they are reputed to be very handy craft, capable of making a "crash dive" in thirty seconds. The cost of each ranges between £230,000 and £245,000; and their annual maintenance costs £23,200. Of their class, *Sea Wolf* and *Sunfish* have a slightly lower freeboard than the others at the bow. During the campaign in Norway *Sea Wolf* was a scourge to the Germans, sinking 8,000 tons of enemy transports

A BEAUFORT'S MONTH:

The Air Ministry Pays Tribute to a Band of Gallant Airmen

PILOT OFFICER GRAHAM AT THE CONTROLS : He started a peacetime career as an actor and had just celebrated his twenty-first birthday. He and the navigator were schoolfellows : they did not meet again until they found themselves in the same Beaufort crew

PILOT OFFICER STOCKLEY, the navigator : He was twenty years old, had fiery red hair, and joined the R.A.F. Coastal Command in wartime straight from school

THE WIRELESS OPERATOR, Sergeant E. A. C. Williams, who came from Canterbury, Kent, and who in peacetime worked in a finance house

THE REAR GUNNER, Sergeant R. Marshal, a Lancashire man, who was once a commercial traveller in confectionery. He had associations with Wakefield and Nelson

A RECORD OF WORK WELL DONE

THERE were a Beaufort crew which were taking part in the Battle of the Atlantic. The crew have been reported missing now. But during the month before they took off on their last flight they made themselves a memorable reputation.

During that month they made sixteen long war flights over the Atlantic, putting in nearly eighty hours flying time on active operations. On some of the flights they searched for submarines, and once they found and attacked one. On others they searched for ships and bombed them. By night they laid mines in the enemy's coastal shipping routes and once they took part in a big night attack on the *Scharnhorst* as she lay in dock. During the month they had three fights with enemy aircraft.

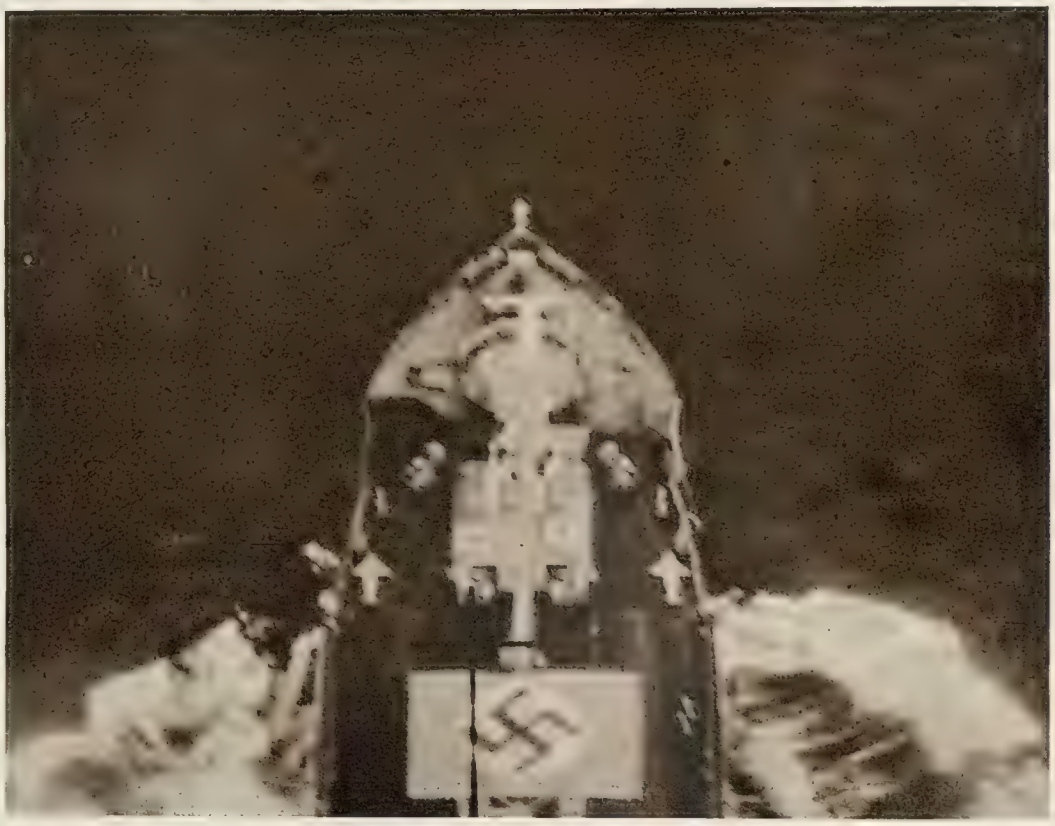
As a variant to their anti-submarine patrols, which grow monotonous and cause a lot of strain, they were put for a while on shipping attacks. One dawn they were near St. Nazaire when they came upon a large enemy merchant ship, escorted by three anti-aircraft vessels and three Messerschmitt 109's. They went in to bomb, but before they could complete the attack two of the German fighters came sailing up at them, and they were forced to get into a cloud. They flew on along the coast, and near Brest they saw another German supply ship of 4,000 tons, with large swastikas painted on her hatches. They dived on to the ship, pulling out at only 50 ft. above the water, and released all their bombs on her. Then the escort vessel opened fire, and as the *flak* was getting accurate, the Beaufort, with no bombs left, went home.

Two days later the crew were on another search for enemy ships when they had their second air fight of the month. They met an Arado 196 and closed up to it before it saw them. Two days after that they found two heavily-armed merchant ships steaming off Belle Ile. In spite of heavy fire from the ships, they put a line of bombs a few feet from one of them.

This Beaufort crew were spending some of their nights now laying mines from the air along the French coast. But one night they went off, with their own and other squadrons, to bomb the *Scharnhorst*. When they reached the harbour, fires which Bomber Command had started were already burning in the pitch-black night, and *flak* and searchlights were streaming into the sky. They could just make out the mole against which the *Scharnhorst* was moored. They dropped one heavy bomb, which the gunner saw explode with a satisfactory flash on the Avant port, near the dry dock.

Their next piece of excitement was a fight with a Heinkel 115 while they were looking for enemy ships in the Bay of Biscay. The Beaufort closed in, and at 150 yards the pilot opened fire. The Heinkel replied with a shower of tracer bullets, which penetrated the engine and the aileron of the Beaufort. But the British aircraft, one of the fastest bombers in the world, still closed in. A burst at 50 yards seemed to silence the German rear gunner. At 20 yards, and overtaking the Heinkel fast, the Beaufort had to turn sharply to avoid ramming. As it flew alongside, its crew could see that the Heinkel's gun turret was empty. They got in more bursts before the Heinkel made off into cloud.

And that was the end of this Beaufort crew's month. Shortly afterwards they took off on another flight to attack enemy shipping off the west coast of France. From that flight they have not returned.



THE NAVIGATOR TOOK THIS PICTURE FROM THE NOSE OF THE BEAUFORT : It shows a 4,000-ton German supply ship at the moment of attack, with its paravanes for mine-sweeping stowed on deck. A few seconds after this picture was taken the Beaufort's bombs struck the vessel : the pilot pulled out of his dive only 50 ft. above the sea. The bombs fell amidships and soon the ship was blazing furiously

ANOTHER PICTURE TAKEN DURING ACTION AS THE BEAUFORT PURSUED A HEINKEL 115 : The floatplane is here being hotly pursued by the Beaufort, the pilot of the latter being forced to pull away sharply at the last moment to avoid ramming the enemy aircraft. The rear gunner of the Heinkel was put out of action by machine-gun fire, but ultimately the German escaped. This action took place over the Bay of Biscay, and was the last in which the Beaufort took part before it was posted as missing, as described in the accompanying article

FIGHTING IN THE CLOUDS

The Woolly Wonderland Above the Earth

By KENELM LOCKE

TO leave the cold, dewy ground in the chill gloom of early morning, climb for thousand upon thousand of feet upward through massive banks of cumulo-nimbi, veiling the earth and blotting out utterly the sky; to break through the top at last and find blue skies clear, and sunshine and perfect peace; then to glance below and see layer after layer of glistening cloud stretching out for miles like some gigantic, virgin-white eiderdown—this is the joy of joys!

Clouds can tell the airman much; they can be friendly or annoying, help or hinder him. For there are many easily distinguishable types, and by making himself familiar with their characteristics he is often able to judge their height, although they screen the earth from view.

Below 7,000 ft. or so there are the stratus, the strato-cumulus, and the nimbo-stratus.

All these are low-lying clouds, carrying the threat of rain or hail or snow and thunderstorms: stratus, like thick mist low on the ground; nimbo-stratus, those grey shapeless masses that usually mean heavy showers or pouring rain; and cumulo-stratus—vast, rolling mountains of cloud piled up in majesty.

Above these, up to 20,000 ft., are the alto-cumulus and the alto-stratus; and then, higher still, where air combats are taking place every day, one finds the cirrus: detached, flimsy little patches of white cloud, the cirro-cumulus and the cirro-stratus.

Most of them are familiar to the man-in-the-street, and easily recognisable, for even the least observant

THE WONDERS OF CLOUDLAND, as the fighter pilot sees them—*Drawings by L. Ashwell Wood*

These magnificent towering masses of cumulus-nimbi exhibit great passages between them like gigantic canyons. Through these the aircraft pass, or alternately hurtle through the great white masses and emerge into the clear sky on the other side. This grandeur is unknown to the earthbound mortal!

Yet, from the dive-bomber's point of view, they are valuable allies, being extremely useful, both before and after attack, to provide cover and evade pursuit.

Most people who have been enveloped in cloud formations when hill-climbing think of them as cold, wet, swirling vapours, much as they regard a thick November fog, but there are warm clouds as well as cold ones, and, for the aviator, cold and warm "fronts." If, when flying through clouds, a pilot notices an appreciable change in the external temperature, a sudden rise or fall, depending on the front, he will know that there will almost certainly be a change in wind speed and direction, and he should make the necessary corrections in course and speed when the front is crossed. Cold and warm fronts are of special importance to the navigators of bombers and long-range aircraft, much more than the fighter pilot, who is only going up for an hour or two at a time. A cold front is often indicated by a long, low line of dark, twisted cloud, and if the pilot meets it instead of overtaking it, he knows that he may expect a squall, with heavy rain and possible thunderstorms.

I remember taking off from an aerodrome in the North of Scotland on a flight to the Mediterranean. At the start the clouds were bitterly cold, but as I flew through them down the Rhone Valley, they were so warm and humid that gradually I divested myself of my heavy clothing, until I found myself piloting my plane in my shirt-sleeves.

Clouds are, in truth, full of vagaries and deceits; yet they have saved many a pilot from disaster.

IN NATURE'S FAIRYLAND ABOVE THE CLOUDS: **Great banks of cumuli forming a woolly sea, with towers rising here and there like great icebergs. This other world is of a pinkish-blue hue, whilst in our own world down below it may be grey or foggy or raining**

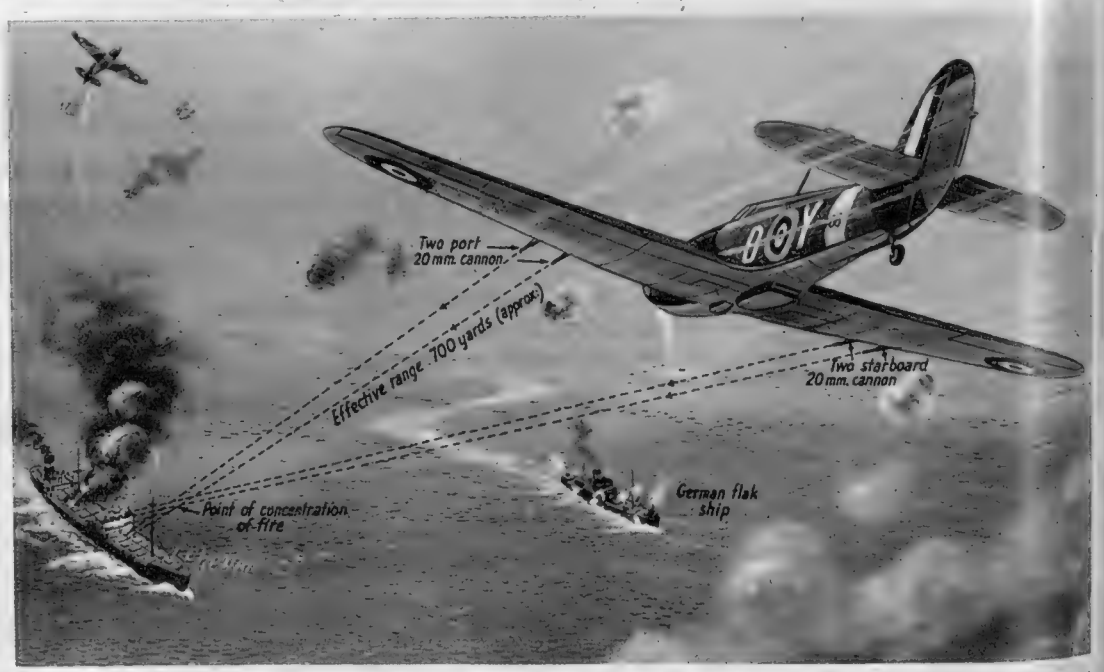
will exclaim at the cirro-cumulus, calling it the "mackerel sky." So low are some clouds that even when one is flying at no great height they will hide the countryside completely. Many a time, when the whole of Wiltshire has been blotted out by stratus, I have seen only the top of the spire of Salisbury Cathedral—perhaps no more than 7 or 10 ft. or so of it—sticking up through the level blanket of cloud.

And the pilot who enters a cloud during a dog-fight is like an old-time duellist in a room completely darkened, not knowing where his opponent may be, or where he himself will emerge.

After a pilot's preliminary training, and after the awe-inspiring first solo is over, one of the most popular games amongst pilots is cloud-chasing, or cloud-hopping, as it is called. Flying around the wispy edges of clouds, climbing up to the top of one of them and then gliding down through it and playing hide-and-seek is sport of the finest. And, incidentally, these games make useful practice for later on.

Clouds, too, can be used for imaginary landings. It is first-rate practice in the early stages of flying to try landing on a cloud; indeed, it is almost part of a pilot's training. He selects his cloud just as if it were the real landing-ground, shuts off his engine and flattens out, and there is the supreme advantage that, if he has made an error of judgment and a bad landing results, there are no broken undercarriages, no crashes or disasters.

All the same, clouds can be very deceptive, and every pilot knows how unreliable they are. He may think he is flying perfectly straight and level, yet a glance at his instrument-panel will prove the lie.



OUR NEW FIGHTER AIRCRAFT, ARMED WITH CANNON, HAVE BECOME A GREAT MENACE TO ENEMY SHIPPING

Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood

The new Hurricane II fighter is now a very formidable machine, armed as it is in one version with twelve machine-guns and in the other with four 20-mm. shell-firing cannon. The shells of the latter weapons measure approximately ¾ in. in diameter and weigh a quarter of a pound each. They have been used with great success against enemy shipping, where they are aimed at the "soft spots"—decks, bridges, etc.; even the engine-rooms have been penetrated by these shells. A new type of Rolls-Royce Merlin engine has given the new Hurricane an improved performance

THE COMING OF THE FOGS

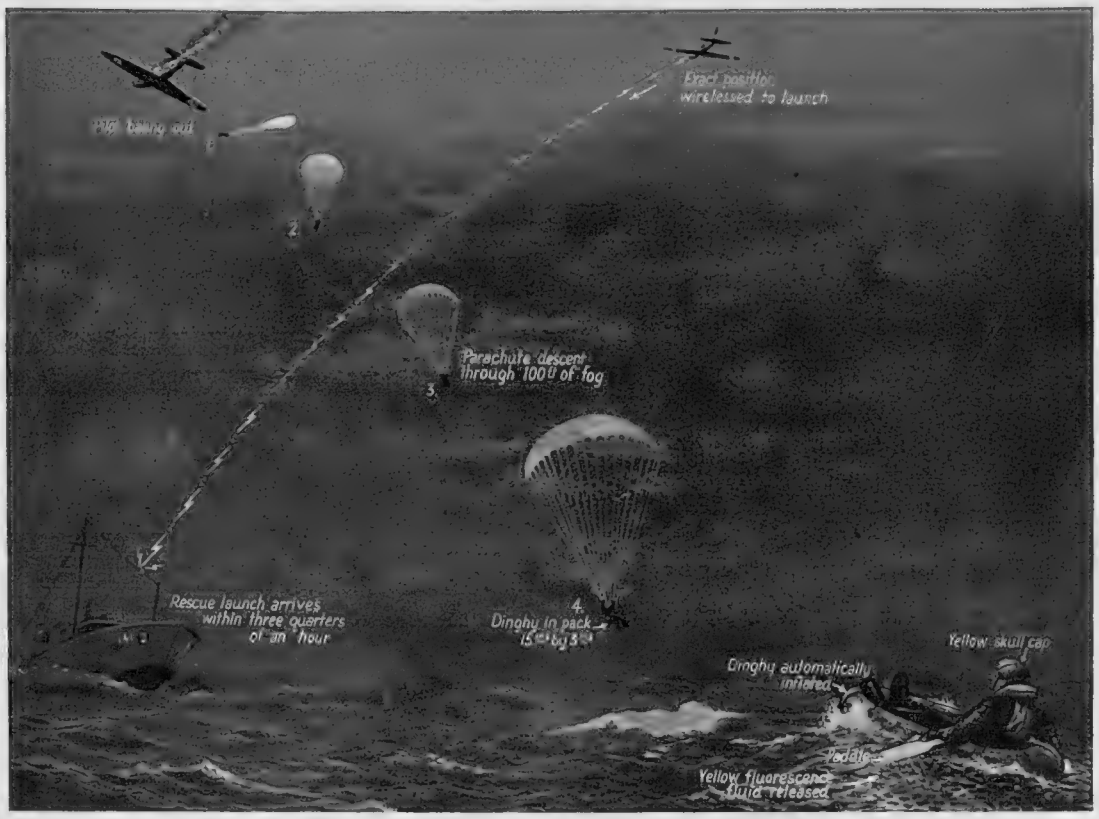
The Winter Routine in the Royal Navy

By FRANK C. BOWEN

ALTHOUGH fog is one of the least dependable of weather conditions, quite beyond any accurate prophecy, the October fog is generally along the coast-line, due to the great difference in temperature by day and night, and generally dispersed during the forenoon. Where it lies it can be dense, but clear of the coast it is usually patchy, and well out to sea there are few traces of it. Ships working in company keep track of their next ahead by means of the fog-buoy which she tows, a piece of wood secured in a vertical position so that it raises a white feather of spray which can be seen better than anything else, and which is kept as close under the bow as possible.

This fog-buoy does not, of course, help to keep station with the ships alongside, and should the two lines converge, there is a grave danger of the buoys causing trouble, for the white feather may easily be mistaken for the periscope of a submarine, and cause ships' gunners to open fire or drop depth-charges in close proximity to their friends. Sound signals have to be relied upon wherever possible, and a particularly good look-out has to be kept for aircraft, as the fog is often low-lying, and while the decks and bridges are enveloped, the extreme tops of the masts, and smoke from the ships' funnels, project into clear air over the fog, and offer all the information that the attacking aircraft need.

When the days get cooler, and the sea has not yet lost its summer temperature, the worst of the deep-sea fogs will occur, although they are to be encountered occasionally before that. As it is generally a season



AN ADDED ANXIETY FOR THE FIGHTER PILOT—Baling out over the Channel in fog—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

This incident occurred a few days ago over the English Channel. An evening mist had reduced visibility on the water to 200 yards: when the sergeant-pilot was forced to abandon his aircraft his exact position was wirelessed by another pilot. The parachute descent was made through 100 ft. of fog, but within three-quarters of an hour a rescue launch had arrived at the exact spot. The dinghy in which the sergeant awaited rescue is carried in a pack 15 ins. square and 3 ins. deep: it is inflated automatically by opening a special container. Hand paddles are carried in the pack, and the pilot releases a brightly coloured fluid to help in spotting him in the sea: he also wears a yellow skull-cap. Fog is frequent at this time of year all round Britain

IN THICK HAZE, HUDSON AIRCRAFT OF COASTAL COMMAND ATTACK A 6,000-TON GERMAN SUPPLY SHIP
—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

A heavily-escorted supply ship was trying to take advantage of the thick haze in a fiord in south-west Germany when a Hudson bomber came on the scene. The escorting vessel opened fire, but the Hudson dived through the barrage unscathed and also through the funnel-smoke of its target: a salvo of bombs was then released towards the supply ship's stern. The Lockheed Hudson is a general reconnaissance bomber with a speed of 246 m.p.h. It carries a crew of four; and is armed with a top turret on the fuselage to the rear (just seen in the drawing) and two forward-firing guns in the nose. It has an extreme range of 1,700 miles

of stronger winds, they may be blown away, or scatter into patches, but they may last for days on end.

Nowadays, there is nothing like the bitter cold which the sailors suffered in the old ships, in spite of their thick wooden sides. All new ships, even destroyers, are fitted with gun-houses, or turrets, which greatly reduce the hardship to crews having to sleep around their guns, although it is not possible to give the anti-aircraft crews much protection. The doctors assist the designers of the ships on such points.

The greatest care is taken to have the modern bridge well sheltered and warm, but all the measures taken are often wasted. In spite of all fittings to keep the bridge windows clear, they are apt to cloud over, especially when the ship is working against a cold wind and flying spray. A steamy window may mean missing the all-important few seconds in being first to sight an enemy, so that the officers leave the sheltered wheelhouse and go on to the open bridge, or monkey-island, within hail of the helmsman, for a better view. Spray can be a great nuisance in a fighting ship, and October squalls will raise a nasty short lop in the North Sea and Channel, which does not impede the progress of the ship, but which comes over her bows in sheets. The month can produce the full gales which are expected later in the year, when the water comes over solid, and constant care has to be taken. The foredeck becomes slippery with ice, and parties have to be ready to chop it away.

The paymasters and surgeons get their heads together to adapt the general messing menu to the season, knowing well that the bluejacket will grumble at the change. Navy cocoa, the best in the world, receives proper appreciation when the hands turn out and at other odd times; the midshipmen of the night watches get more exercise running round for further supplies. The sick-bay gets ready for seasonable complaints, which may range up to frostbite. The change-over is not pleasant, and October is one of the least popular months in the naval calendar.

***On right*—FOG AT SEA**—*Drawing by William McDowell*

Of all weather conditions, the sailor hates fog the most. In peacetime it means delay and unrelaxed vigilance: it is treacherous, too, for sound signals cannot be relied on, as a fog-bank may vary in thickness and be full of air channels which lead sounds so astray that the noise of a signal, or of another ship's siren, follows these channels, and a sound which is coming from ahead may seem to be on the beam. In wartime, when a large number of ships are sailing in convoy, even greater vigilance is needed, not only for lurking U-boats but because of the dangers of collision with a neighbour ship. The drawing on the right shows the bridge of a merchantman in convoy, with an escorting destroyer, going dead slow, just looming suddenly out of the fog-bank into a patch of watery light

The R.A.F. at WORK

In the early days of the war the Coastal Command was under the inspired leadership of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, and the staff he gathered round him gained vast experience. With its mixed force of fighters, bombers, and many other types, it is almost an Air Force within the Air Force. Bowhill has now gone to Canada to organise the ferrying of the wartime output of the United States to Britain; and his successor, Air Chief-Marshal Sir Philip Joubert, found a weapon forged to his hand.

To-day, as against the old and mixed batch of out-of-date aircraft with which it entered the war, Coastal Command can dispose of as fine an array of warplanes as any Air Force in the world. Beauforts, Lockheed Vegas, Sunderlands, Catalinas. The last-named, a newcomer to the Coastal Command, has already made a great name for itself in the war against the enemy sea-raiders. It was a Catalina which found the *Bismarck* again when it tried to run back to its lair at Brest. A Catalina has been the last sight that many a U-boat look-out has seen and the last seen by many a Focke-Wulfe crew. In the early days of the sea-war the Coastal Command had many aircraft which were hard put to it to make the coast of Denmark and back. Catalinas carrying a crew of nine can, if necessary, make a non-stop journey across the Atlantic both ways. In the picture given here a "comb-out" of an Atlantic area at H.Q. is being planned. Using the dividers is the Air Officer C.-in-C., Air Chief-Marshal Sir Philip Joubert. With him are Air Vice-Marshal G. R. Brommet (extreme left), Air Commodore I. T. Lloyd (extreme right) and Air Vice-Marshal F. G. D. Hards (on Joubert's left).

THE U-BOAT HUNTERS AT COASTAL COMMAND HEADQUARTERS: The Air Officer C.-in-C. planning a comb-out of an Atlantic area

THE ROYAL NAVY VISITS THE R.A.F.—Officers of a submarine inspect the rear gunner's turret of a bomber: Visits have been exchanged between the crew of a submarine and members of an R.A.F. bomber station. The airmen first visited the submarine and issued their invitation to officers and ratings to pay a return call. Flying officers and personnel have now paid two visits to the submarine in port: on the second they went down in the vessel. On this same visit they also saw German airmen, picked up at sea, being brought ashore as prisoners

AN AIR ACE'S AIM ACHIEVED—Twenty-one planes before his twenty-first birthday: Flight-Lieut. Brendan ("Paddy") Finucane, recently awarded a second Bar to his D.F.C., has achieved the great task he set himself—to shoot down twenty-one enemy aircraft before his twenty-first birthday. He made his twenty-first kill a few days ago. Finucane is a Dublin-born Irishman: he leads a flight of a famous Australian Squadron. He is seen in the centre of the above picture

WITH THE FLEET AIR ARM IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: Once again the Italians have been claiming the aircraft-carrier *Ark Royal* as a casualty! This new photograph was taken after the huge vessel had been sunk for the fourth or fifth time! In company with H.M.S. *Nelson* (which suffered slight damage), the aircraft-carrier escorted an important convoy through the Mediterranean: fighters of the Fleet Air Arm flown from *Ark Royal*'s deck successfully attacked and shot down a number of Italian torpedo planes which tried to interfere with the passage of the convoy. Here a Skua dive-bomber is seen taking off from the flight-deck

A BOMBER PILOT AT AN AIRSCREW FACTORY: A pilot of a Halifax bomber tells the workers at a West Country factory some of his wartime experiences. His lecture evidently proved to the liking of his audience!

The AMERICAN TROOPS in ICELAND

AMERICAN FIGHTER-PLANES ARRIVE BY TRANSPORT: To support their forces in Iceland the U.S. have now unloaded a number of fighter aircraft: they are here seen being landed on the quayside. Note the American insignia on the fuselage. With the planes have come all kinds of other war supplies

WHAT THE WEATHER IS LIKE IN ICELAND IN THE AUTUMN! This picture was taken after a night of wind and rain when whole rows of tents were blown over by the heavy gale. To allow room for the incoming U.S. troops, our men left some of their Nissen huts and went under canvas until the Americans were able to build their own encampments

ON PARADE IN THEIR SPECIAL BOOTS AND MITTENS: Members of the U.S. Army, spick and span in the autumn sunshine

THE SPECIAL EQUIPMENT WITH WHICH THE U.S. TROOPS IN ICELAND HAVE BEEN PROVIDED

The completeness of the equipment of the newly-landed U.S. troops has been the subject of much interest to our own troops in Iceland. This picture shows ten American soldiers lined up to show the ten different uniforms worn for various duties: from left to right are seen the following:—Blouse, slacks, helmet (with light pack); enlisted man's dress uniform; enlisted man's dress uniform plus overcoat; fatigue dress—working uniform; field jacket, shirt and uniform; shirt and slacks; full field uniform; rain outfit with sou'wester hat; winter outfit; and working winter outfit with winter coat and beaver cap. No one can thus say that the U.S. soldier is not fully equipped with appropriate clothing for every conceivable task!

WOMEN who are HELPING

WOMEN LUMBERJACKS IN A NORTHUMBERLAND FOREST : A most hefty wartime job is that of the women lumberjacks in a Northumberland forest near Beadnel. Thirty-five such girls have now been recruited for this heavy work, the Home Grown Pit Wood and Timber Department of the Ministry of Supply being in charge. Their duties are cross-cutting, peeling, loading and measuring and supplying pit props for the mines and wood for the mills of Britain. Since last Christmas these girls, recruited mostly locally, are taking the jobs that were done by men now in the Services—and doing it well. A large proportion of the girls are married and have husbands serving ; others have been shop assistants, domestic servants and cooks ; but they are sticking to this heavy work in all weathers in these North Country forests from 7 a.m. till 5 p.m. and often later

WOMEN NOW WORK ON LOCOMOTIVES : In the L.M.S. engine sheds girls are now being employed as labourers and work at cleaning engines and boilers. A generation ago such work would have been regarded as beyond their capabilities

PHYSICAL-TRAINING INSTRUCTOR TO THE A.T.S. : Miss Monica Hawkes, well-known woman athlete, who has just gone straight from civilian life to take charge of the training of the A.T.S. She now holds the rank of Senior Commander

DEPUTY DIRECTOR OF THE A.T.S. : Mrs. L. Whateley has been appointed to the rank of Senior Controller, corresponding to an Army Brigadier. She is a granddaughter of Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, and was a private secretary before the war. Her husband is a Squadron Leader in the R.A.F.

A NEW UNIFORM TO BE SEEN IN THE LONDON STREETS : This is worn by members of the Women's Auxiliary Police Corps. All are civilians, and they have been engaged to drive police cars

W.A.A.F. SIGNALS OFFICERS IN THE MIDDLE EAST : Women Code and Cipher Officers of the W.A.A.F. have now taken up their duties with the R.A.F. Middle East Command. Wing Officer F. M. Hayes (who comes from Sussex) is here seen with Flight Officer M. M. Bevan (whose home is at Doncaster)

THE FIRST WOMAN A.D.C. : Subaltern Mary Macdonald, of the A.T.S., who has been appointed to the staff of Lieut.-General A. F. N. Thorne, G.O.C., Scottish Command

A GOLF STAR IN THE W.A.A.F. : Miss Pam Barton, Golf champion of Great Britain and U.S.A. in 1936 and 1939, is now an officer at an R.A.F. Fighter Station

in BRITAIN'S WAR EFFORT

THE MAKING OF DEPTH-CHARGES : Women have been found to make efficient welders. Here a girl in a British factory is finishing off some of the depth-charge cases with an oxy-acetylene machine

AN L.M.S. "FLYING REPAIR COLUMN" FOR ROAD FLEETS : This Column has been assembled by the L.M.S. Railway to render "first aid" to road motor fleets damaged in air attacks. The Column is ready to go into action at a moment's notice ; it carries with it its own supply of power and light, and can travel by either rail or road. It has been so designed and equipped that it can maintain road motor fleets should existing workshops be put out of action, or can render a repair service to fleets of motors operating in areas remote from workshops. The Flying Repair Column consists of a mobile workshop, which makes its own current for both power and lighting. It is equipped with a tyre inflator, with its own power unit ; a fitter's bench and tools ; tanks for cleaning parts and collecting used oil. It has its own portable oxy-acetylene welding plant, and carries spare parts, tyres and timber for repairing motor bodies

BARRAGE BALLOONS IN THE MAKING : An almost completed balloon undergoes a test with air pressure : The factory where these women workers are now making balloons for the Ministry of Aircraft Production was formerly employed in the manufacture of women's wear

A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS OF THE BALLOON BARRAGE : During the period that the R.A.F. have manned the balloon sites, improvements have been made in the handling and bedding-down of the balloons, and also in the construction of the balloons themselves, which have made it possible for women of the W.A.A.F. to take over this work. Physical endurance and strength are still required, but not to the same degree as formerly. Schools have now been introduced all over the country at which W.A.A.F. personnel of the right type are trained in this branch of R.A.F. work to release men for other duties

WOMEN FLIGHT MECHANICS OF THE W.A.A.F.—A trainee undergoing instruction on in-line engines : More and still more work of the R.A.F. is being taken over by the sister branch of the W.A.A.F. Trainees are being taught the servicing and maintenance of engines and air-frames. Flight Mechanics (Airframes) learn hydraulics and fabric repairs and rigging on routine aircraft, while Flight Mechanics (Engines) get in close contact with in-line and radial engines, variable-pitch airscrews, engine installation, running and daily inspections—even of engines of the Spitfire class !

OTHER THINGS THAN WAR . . .

Religious Usages; The Dukeries in Wartime; A Question of Oil; The Language of the Times

A NOTE ON INCENSE.—I am too old a hand as a journalist to believe that one can write in the Press on a religious topic without bringing a hornets' nest of criticism about one's ears. And I am too old a journalist to welcome a hornets' nest. But I venture to set forth in the simplest possible and least contentious way a point which troubles me and one which, when I meet my Bishop, I shall pose him and seek his guidance thereon. I am no longer afraid of Bishops now that my own age exceeds the average age of Bishops. (After all, the Lord Bishop of X and Lord Justice Z were once my fags!) The broad point is this: Is there any obligation laid on a Protestant parish priest to provide (and on his Bishop to enforce) a form of worship which appeals to a majority of his parishioners, or is he entitled to provide that form of worship which appeals to him?

The issue is raised, in a mild or acute form, where an Anglo-Catholic vicar, for example, substitutes for the old traditional Matins a Mass, which often attracts strangers from distant villages but may not suit the conservatism of his parishioners and robs them of the chance or impetus to attend their church on Sunday mornings. I speak with an entirely open mind. I am ready to believe that the Anglo-Catholic Mass is indeed the original, and the old traditional Matins of my youth the debased form, of the Sunday morning service laid down in the Protestant Church centuries ago.

Incense, the intoning of the gospel and epistle, and various forms of ritual are matters of individual taste and opinion. To some they are anathema, to others they are welcome. It would be foolish to deny that warmth, beauty and inspiration were, and are, often lacking in the Sunday morning services provided in scores of parish churches, and that the Anglo-Catholics have done much to introduce these long-needed reforms.

But I am not capable of judging whether it is an asset or a misfortune that the average Englishman's religion is based on the memories and traditions implanted in his youth. I merely believe it to be a fact. It is the old and beautiful words, said as they were said in his impressionable childhood, the old hymns, sung as he sang them in his youth, which give the average man comfort and inspiration and draw him—if anything does—to church. It may well be that a static condition of mind is as undesirable and as deadly in matters of religion as of politics or science. The fact remains, and that fact may well determine whether or not the village church is a factor in the life of the village. Is there, then, any obligation on the part of the parish priest to provide a form of service which appeals to and attracts a majority of his parishioners, or has he the authority of his Bishop to close the doors of the church to that majority, while he practises and seeks to impose the reforms which (for all I know) may be not only desirable but in accord with the principles and the traditions of the Protestant Church?

THE YOUNG BRICKLAYER WHO IS NOW THE ONLY MAN WORKING ON THE NEW LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL: Arthur Brady is a nineteen-year-old bricklayer's apprentice who is now at work on a £4,000,000 cathedral—entirely on his own. He is the boy who was recently referred to by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool, Dr. Downey, when he said that "the greatest cathedral of modern times is for the moment being built by one boy." Brady is a Londoner who has been working on the cathedral since he was fourteen. For two months he has toiled alone, all the other men having been called to more urgent work. The large model which Brady is studying above is 12 ft. long

The Dukeries To-day.—In the days when "such things counted," there was a sharp dividing-line between dukes and all lesser peers, much as once there was between the Prince-Bishops (Durham, and so on) and the ordinary Bishops. A lord might be anything from a marquis to a mere baron. His lady might be anything from a marchioness to a knight's relict; but . . . a duke was a duke and was treated as such.

How are things in the Dukeries to-day? How are the dukes living and faring? Those who a year or two ago were reckoned the richest and most princely of all, experience to-day the greatest contrasts in their way of living. I should scorn to say "are in the worst case," for many of them almost revel in the shedding of their white elephants and in a new ease gained from simplicity of existence. Nearly all the ducal palaces are given over to girls' schools or boys' schools, or are commercial or military centres of activity, or are converted into hospitals. In some cases the owners live in a corner, and these are probably the least comfortable. Others have moved into dower houses or agents' houses. One or two are less fortunate, in the possession of only palaces or unduly large houses, and these have either moved into a lesser, hired country house, inconvenient and unmodernised and lacking any of the compensations of works of art, books and personal possessions; or have hired villas by the roadside with an acre of garden and perhaps a meadow to support a cow.

They ask for no pity and none need be offered them. They have for decades borne a crippling burden of inherited responsibility for keeping up national treasures and keeping faith with inherited dependants, out of an income potentially princely but in fact more and more largely paid back from the source to the State. Albeit they receive to spend only sixpence in every pound of income, most of them are still rich as riches go, for they can "live on their fat" as far onwards as anyone need worry to look. I think their chief handicap to-day is "the weight of a name." The old tradition dies too hard. A duke is still a duke, while a lord is no longer a lord. There is something still incongruous in the public mind in the fact of the gorgeous Duchess of Exe living "barely semi-detached" beside the high road at Acacia Villa.

To the Duchess, the incongruity is not of her finding or seeking. She is enjoying herself in a new simplicity and release from grievous burdens. But she feels the handicap all day long in the reactions of her neighbours who *will* not forget that she is Duchess of Exe. These neighbours, you see, picture the life and character of a Duchess of Exe from the pages of Edwardian memoirs.

The "great days" are over, but the public will not suffer "the trailing clouds of glory" to disperse. And this handicap will, I fear, persist for a decade beyond the peace and make it unnecessarily difficult for dukes and duchesses to adjust themselves (as otherwise they would quickly do, and thankfully) to a new social structure of levelled incomes and scrapped class barriers.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

If Petrol Gave Out. . . .—The scientists—God curse and bless them, according as their labours contribute to the destruction of mankind or the betterment of human welfare—have been bravely discoursing on the uses of science to-day and to-morrow.

Among other matters discussed was the need for controlling mineral wealth. These resources are not inexhaustible. The scientists can (or say they can) fairly accurately forecast that at the present rate of consumption-production copper, tin, gold and phosphates will not last fifty years more. Coal will go on for ever and so will iron, but there is a big note of interrogation as regards *oil*. It would interest me to learn the figures of a world referendum on the reactions of living men and women to this doubt as to the visible supplies of oil.

Would a majority or a minority (small or large) share my own view that this mineral (refined for the internal combustion engine) has proved the prime curse of humanity and that its exhaustion (assuming that distillation from coal or other products could not take its place) would be the greatest blessing which God could bestow on the human race?

When people tell me of the blessings which the internal combustion engine (the chief drinker-up of this refined mineral) have given or might give to human beings, they speak as if in their view its blessings can be set beside its proved evils. To me, it is like seriously arguing that it is "a good thing" to suffer from cancer because someone may bring a bunch of grapes to your bedside.

In short, on this question the human race must be divided as sharply as possible. I would give a lot to learn if I stand in a tiny minority of die-hard cranks, or if in their heart of hearts a majority of the human race share my view of the curse of petrol.

Jargon.—It is sad to reflect that in the last Great War I was old enough to absorb with distaste and acute indigestion some of the newly-minted military terms which are now, of course, current English.

I resisted long both *debus* and *embus*. I resisted *de-louse* until I was compelled to bow to it for necessary relief. To-day, unquestionably old enough to dislike new experiments with our much-tried language, I look with loathing at the new, strange gobbets of food on the end of my fork.

I cannot bring myself to "contact" my neighbour, though, given petrol, I am delighted to look him up, and on the same conditions I am willing to make a reconnaissance of our river crossings. But I shipwreck on a *recce* and indeed on other new forms of military jargon. Is it indeed true that military efficiency depends on this truncation of words, this portmanteau-ing of phrases? Whenever I meet the Army, there seems to be time (and petrol and bread and meat and butter) to burn in the regular ranks.

And my experiences cannot reconcile the necessity for wrecking reconnaissance on the rock of *recce*. But how glib with the new Army glossary are most of my aged Home Guard confrères!

J. G.

THE SHEPHERD WITH THE TOP HAT—a well-known Cotswold character: Mr. William Smith is well known in the rolling Cotswold country near Cheltenham. He has his own ideas about shepherding, and declares that all his sheep know the tunes he plays on his pipe. The top hat has formed part of his working garb for years!

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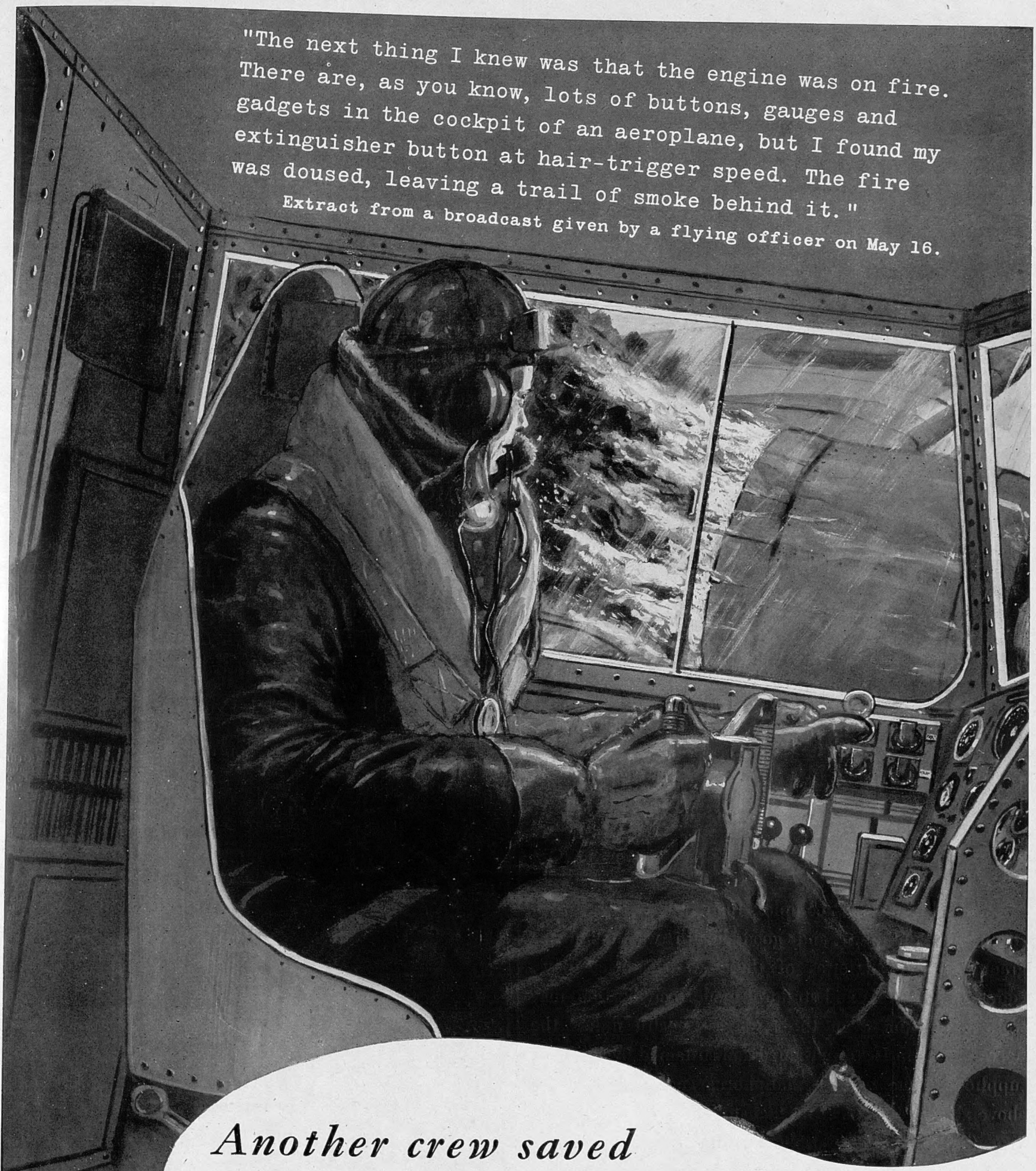

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Owing to rationing of paper and the demand on our editorial pages, it is necessary to omit from time to time Mr. Ashley Courtenay's usual weekly article. We would, however, emphasise that his services are always available for advising SPHERE *readers by post of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor,* THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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